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*Photo Habgood, Bournemouth.*

*[Frontispiece.]*

REV. E. J. KENNEDY

# SOME RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF EDMUND JOHN KENNEDY

GENERAL SECRETARY Y.M.C.A., LONDON, 1884-1894

VICAR OF ST. JAMES', HATCHAM, 1896-1900

VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, BOSCOMBE, 1901-1915

CHAPLAIN TO H.M. FORCES, 1914-1915

BY  
HIS WIFE AND A FRIEND

WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV.  
J. STUART HOLDEN, D.D.  
VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

ILLUSTRATED

HODDER AND STOUGHTON  
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO



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*Foreword*

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IT is a privilege indeed to be allowed to pay my tribute of affection to the memory of a friend, by whose passing I, in common with a great company, am made poorer for the rest of life.

For no one could be admitted to any degree of intimacy with E. J. Kennedy without realizing an enriching stimulus—the outflow of his generous personality, and without being bettered by the fellowship. Himself the most modest and unaffectedly humble of men, he always succeeded in imparting something of his own clear vision and buoyant optimism to those who came into contact with him, and in making it seem worth while to live for the highest things, however hard the fight involved. He had come to his own strong and serene confidence not without struggle, and instinctively understood what it cost others to enter upon the

path of self-surrendering discipleship. By the generous ministry of sympathy, he guided many past life's cross-roads on to the Highway where he himself walked with the King. This is my persistent memory of him—of a man who led because he followed, and who radiated light because he lived with every window of his soul open.

It was my happiness to be closely associated with him from time to time in mission-work of special character, and never have I had a comrade at once so self-effacing and so willing to spend and be spent. If he gained prominence or popularity by reason of his rich gifts, it was never because he sought it. He always gave the impression of having himself thoroughly in hand, and of being able to reject with quiet dignity anything that derogated from the glory of his Master. And he was entirely free from all petty jealousy. He thought of life as a large thing in a large way, and never during our intercourse did I encounter a single smallness in him. His integrity toward God made him very independent of the judgment of others,



and he never hesitated to take his own line in any issue. But when this brought him into conflict with general opinion as was sometimes inevitable, he never failed to concede to others the liberty he claimed for himself. Hence he never forfeited the esteem of those who differed most widely from him, nor did he ever allow himself to fall short in respect for them. His was a manly Christianity, after the pattern of the manliness of The Man Christ Jesus ; and he has set us all the task of whole-hearted loyalty to His example.

Loving hands have written the story of his life—as far as such a life can be storied—and I, for one, can never read the following pages without being carried back to that ideal home-life in which a perfect human love at all times mirrored its own joy upon all who shared its generous hospitality—friend and stranger alike. There KENNEDY the husband, the father, the friend, was seen in his best setting, and was readily recognized as a greater man by far than KENNEDY the public man and the preacher. All who like

myself were ever privileged to share the true homeliness of that now-broken family circle, will be glad to recapture some of its spirit in this volume. To all others I commend the opportunity it affords of meeting "a man in Christ," who though he be dead yet speaks,—and always of Him Whose true servant he was, and is. For such a meeting cannot be without lasting benefit to faith.

J. STUART HOLDEN.

ST. PAUL'S,  
PORTMAN SQUARE, W.  
*June, 1917.*

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## *Introduction*

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MANY of my dear husband's friends, having expressed a wish that his Life should be written, I, with the help of my friend, Alice Howell, to whom I am most grateful, have attempted this record. No claim is made to literary talent, but we have endeavoured to put down some of the experiences of his very varied career in a simple and, we hope, interesting manner.

It would have been easier if he had kept the many letters that were written to him thanking him for his faithful preaching, for the help received at his missions, etc. These he always destroyed, so fearing anything like self-glory. Quoted extracts are from those in my possession. I also had four short diaries to refer to which he wrote when travelling. Any eulogy of himself, when living, was distasteful to him, but it is im-

possible now not to mention his personal charm, and his extraordinary magnetic force. He inspired confidence and affection wherever he went, and in those with whom he dealt.

He was an ideal husband and father, at his very best in his own home ; a strong man to lean upon, yet with a heart as tender as any woman's. He was full of life, loving sport of all kinds, and had a keen sense of humour, but running through his whole career (since his conversion), like a golden thread, was the desire to win souls for his beloved Master. Although teeming with activity and good health, never a day passed but he thought of the time when he should leave his earthly home ; he so looked forward to really " know " what he so often preached about. I quote his favourite lines :—

“ Oh, think ! to step on shore—and that shore Heaven !  
To take hold of a hand—and that God's Hand !  
To breathe a new air—and feel it celestial air !  
To feel invigorated—and know it Immortality !

Oh, think ! to pass from the storm and the tempest—  
to one unbroken calm  
To wake up . . . and find it glory ! ”

If anyone reading this brief Life should be won to a nearer walk with God, the reward to my friend and myself will be great.

EDITH KENNEDY.

BOSCOMBE, 1917.



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“I HAVE fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

*2 Timothy vii. 8.*

“My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”—*Exodus xxxiii. 14.*

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*Boyhood*

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THERE is an ancient book which gives some interesting particulars of the Kennedy history. It says, "The Kennedy family was very powerful over the Scottish border, and an old rhyme declares :—

‘ From Wigtown to the town of Ayr,  
Portpatrick to the Cruives of Cree,  
No man need think to bide there  
Unless he ride with Kennedy.’

The Kennedy family were split up at the time of the rising of the Young Pretender, and their estates then confiscated by the government of the time."

One branch of the family settled in Buckinghamshire, and from that branch was descended the grandfather of the present generation.

Edmund John Kennedy was the elder son of Edmund James Kennedy and his wife Anna Louisa, and was born August 17th,

1855, at Upper Seymour Street, London. There were three other children; the eldest a daughter, Ellen Louisa, now Mrs. Arthur Stephens, living at Brondesbury; a second daughter who died in infancy; and a son, Allen, who married Miss Moir and resides in Buckinghamshire. When Jack, as he was always called, was about eleven years of age he went with his father, who was then in poor health, to Boulogne for a change. The trip drew the two very closely together, and the pleasure of those days remained in the boy's memory all his life. Many years afterwards, when he himself was married, he took his wife and little daughter to revisit the places which had then so delighted and interested him. It is a rather remarkable coincidence that the last few months of his life were also spent at Boulogne.

His father died very suddenly one evening while sitting at dinner with his family, in apparently his usual health and spirits, at the early age of forty-two. He was a prominent Freemason, and acted as treasurer to the Old Concord Lodge (No. 172) for fourteen years. After his decease a "meeting of respect" was held at the Freemason's Hall,

when the Chaplain to the Lodge, Bro. the Rev. J. W. Laughlin, said of him :—

“ In electing Bro. Kennedy to the post of treasurer the brethren had displayed their zeal for the welfare of the Lodge. By the integrity of his conduct he endeared himself to all ; his heart was always open to the sacred cause of charity ; he was a good man, an excellent Mason, and a valued member of the Lodge.” He had greatly desired to see his sons admitted as Freemasons ; but was not spared to see this desire fulfilled, although, later, his elder son was admitted to the Brotherhood, and at the time of his death was still acting Chaplain to the “ Boscombe Lodge ” No. 2,158.

When his father died Jack was only twelve years old. The family was then living at Belsize Road, where the widow and children continued to reside until their removal to Willesden some years later. His first school was a preparatory one at Belsize Park, after which he went to an establishment where the head master was a very stern, strict disciplinarian, who not only believed it was a mistake to “ spare the rod and spoil the child,” but also literally put his theory into

practice, much to the disapproval and discomfort of the poor unfortunates beneath his care. Many a time did young Jack Kennedy find himself subjected to such discipline, for he was a very high-spirited boy, and would always be "in it" if there were anything going on in the way of fun or mischief. Years afterwards, when he had grown to over six feet, and when school days were far behind, he once met his old Spartan schoolmaster (who was a little man not much above five feet in height) and asked him, "How would you like to flog me now?" The master laughingly admitted he feared he would get the worst of it if he attempted such a thing then; but he must have felt gratified when his former pupil thanked him for all the pains he had taken to train him, and said he was, no doubt, all the better for the floggings he had received in his school days. His education was continued under a private tutor until, having quite outgrown his strength, his health completely gave way. He was then ordered to the seaside, and to spend his time, as much as possible, in the open air; so the mother and her children went to live at Hastings for twelve months. This was a

glorious time ; Jack often spent whole days, and indeed nights, with the fishermen on their smacks, going out to sea with them and thoroughly revelling in the free, joyous life. Many a time he would wander off for hours, causing his mother much anxiety as to his whereabouts. He benefited greatly by the long holiday and outdoor life, so that when the time came to return home he was quite restored to health. In those days Sunday meant nothing more to him than a day to be got through with as much pleasure as possible; he thought little or nothing of things sacred, and he, with two special chums,—the trio being known as “the three inseparables”—would often spend Sunday on the river, or in the fields, without any thought of their duty towards God. But on looking back in after years it was easy to trace God’s guiding Hand in all those events, and how He was gradually, patiently working out His plan in the dear young life ; then, when, a year or two later, he did give his heart to his Saviour, it was a full, complete surrender.

Someone has recently said, “ If ever there was an ‘ out-and-outer ’ (Christian) it was Edmund John Kennedy.”

## II

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### *Early Years and Conversion*

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JACK KENNEDY saw "life" much earlier than most young men. Being so tall and manly for his age, he was in great request at dances, which he always enjoyed, and at every kind of social function. He was very musical, fond of singing, and able to play his own accompaniments well. In later years he could often have been seen both playing the instrument and leading the singing at open-air and other services. He also frequently sang solos at "Penny Readings," which were then so popular.

He delighted in all sports and games, and there was nothing in which he could not take as good a part as any of his companions. He was a strong swimmer, but on one occasion got into dangerous difficulties when, with some friends, he was camping out on the river. He thought he should like a bathe before turning in for the night, so went off,



all unknown to his friends, for a swim. Before long he found himself entangled in the weeds, and the more he struggled to get free the tighter the weeds bound him. After a while, becoming exhausted, and realizing his helpless condition, he turned on his back, resigning himself to his fate. Soon becoming unconscious, he drifted away with the stream. In the meantime his companions, having missed him, went in search, and were horrified when they found what had happened. With difficulty they rescued him and brought him round, but it was a very narrow escape of his life. He did not attempt another night swim! In his preaching in after years he often used this story to illustrate how quickly sin encircles a soul, and the more one tries to free himself by his own power, the weaker he becomes and the greater hold the sin gains. It is only when realizing his own helplessness and trusting himself entirely to Christ to save him, that the soul finds salvation and pardon.

When about eighteen years of age he was spending an evening at a friend's house, where among the guests was Miss Edith Arrowsmith, to whom he took so great a fancy that he determined the acquaintance

should not end there. In fact, it was a real case of "love at first sight," a love which deepened as time went on, leading to an engagement, and, in due course, a happy wedding. Not long after this memorable evening he was introduced to Mr. George Arrowsmith, Miss Edith's eldest brother, a thorough Christian, and one who was anxious his new acquaintance should also have the joy of knowing his Saviour. As they parted Mr. Arrowsmith handed him a tract; Jack took it with a laugh saying, "Oh, well, it will do to light my pipe." But Mr. Arrowsmith returned to the house and said to his friends, "What a splendid Christian Jack Kennedy would make!" For some unaccountable reason Jack could not sleep that night and got out of bed to get something he wanted from one of his pockets, when he came across the tract, "To-night or Never," and, for want of something better to do, he read it. As he read on he became intensely held by the true, tragic story, and he realized that should the call come to him as unexpectedly and suddenly as it came to the character in the story of the tract, he would not be prepared to meet his God. He saw

himself a sinner needing a Saviour. He knelt by his bed, and then and there gave himself entirely to Christ, with the result that when he rose from his knees it was with his soul filled with the peace of God, and the assurance of forgiveness and cleansing of all his sin through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. From this time his life was quite changed—"all things had become new" to him—and just as hitherto he had thrown himself heart and soul into whatever pleasures the world had to offer, so now he directed all his consecrated powers of life to bring glory to God, his newly found Master. Christ said to His disciples of old "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." When the call "Follow Me" came to Jack Kennedy that night, he left all his old ways and followed Him, and God abundantly owned and blessed his work, using him as the means of bringing many souls to the knowledge of a personal Saviour. Not long ago a man said to him: "Mr. Kennedy, do you believe in sudden conversion?" "Believe in it," he replied, "why, of course I do, I'm a living example of it," and then told how the light of the Truth had suddenly shone into his own soul as he had

read the tract he had thought to ridicule. He found, as so many others before and after have done, that—

“ As at the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.”

Mr. George Arrowsmith knew the wisdom of striking while the iron is hot, so after a day or two he took his young friend to do some work in witnessing for God. He conducted him to an Orphan Home at Ealing, where he was given a class of a few little girls. He was entirely at a loss to know what to say or how to begin, so simply told these little ones the story of the tract. It was not long after this that he went with a London City Missioner to preach in one of the slums—a blind alley. As no one was to be seen about, he quietly waited for his congregation to arrive, but the Missioner told him to begin, saying, “No one will come out of their houses; you have a hidden audience, they are all listening behind their blinds!” It was a curious experience for the young preacher, but he boldly and simply gave a Gospel message, after which the two evangelists

walked away. This was the first of many open-air services for him, and he never lost an opportunity afterwards of conducting one if possible.

Mr. Kennedy belonged to the "London Scottish," that fine regiment of Territorials which has now become so famous for its grand achievements in the theatre of war. In the early days they were "Volunteers," and a fine set of men, too! He has related how at one time the four leaders of the regiment were all over 6 ft. 3 in. in height, making a noble lead to the long column following them. He was a very keen member of the corps, putting in his full number of drills, and always very proud of his regiment. To the end of his life the "skirl of the pipes" had a great fascination for him, and many a time has he hurried up and down streets in the hope of seeing the pipers, which he had heard in the far distance.

At one of the autumn manœuvres of the regiment, he was elected to the post of cook. It was but very little he knew of the art at which he was to try his hand, as his companions soon discovered. Having heard "there is goodness in bones," he one day

chopped some up, adding them to the contents of the cauldron to give extra nourishment to the stew he was making ! When the officers found their mouths full of bone splinters, great and loud was the outcry for the cook. Considering discretion to be the better part of valour the cook had made off and was nowhere to be found !

He was also a member of the Harlequin football team, playing in all their matches for several years. His interest in his earlier pursuits was lifelong, and often in recent years, when time allowed, and there was the opportunity, he would be present at a Harlequin match, and was always glad to meet his old companions.

### III

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#### *Evangelistic Work*

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**I**N the early months after his conversion Mr. Kennedy joined the London Evangelization Society. He found less and less time for recreation, as all the time he could give from the business, in which he was then engaged, was spent in Christian activities, and his week-ends in conducting services in out-lying country districts, where, otherwise, no services would be held. In one of his letters, referring to a meeting where he was to give an address the following day, he writes : “ The people to whom I shall speak, for the most part, never enter a place of worship nor hear of God’s love. Do pray for me ; I want, God helping me, to be *very* simple, and very, very earnest. Oh, it is such a responsible position to take, that of pointing the way to the Saviour. I so often ask myself, ‘ Is it the right way I am showing ? ’ ”

Another time he wrote : “ About five

hundred people were at the meeting—I spoke on Blind Bartimæus, and am sure God gave His blessing. After the meeting one young fellow wished to speak with me, and it ended by his ‘coming.’ Think of it! a soul found peace and pardon. It quite bowls me over when I begin to think of the value of that soul, and the glorious privilege of being allowed to tell the Good News.” In the whole of his preaching, from the very first addresses of his early days, to the last sermons he delivered, only a few days before his death, he was stimulated by the one great desire to win souls for the Saviour. He never sought either praise or commendation for himself, but set before him this one great object, so to lift up Christ before men that all might be drawn to Him. Writing in August, 1879, he says: “I do so want to have God’s richest blessing on the Word. I want to be used, and to realize I am being used of Him, and not using myself.” Again, in November of the same year: “I am expecting great blessing—pray for me that, in my own soul, in my daily life, I may show forth His love more and more.”

One day he went to Messrs. Shoolbred’s large establishment to conduct a quite short



service for the girl employees during the dinner hour. He asked them all to bow their heads in prayer, but one of the number, in a most defiant way, refused ; indeed, it almost seemed as if she raised her head higher, and during the whole prayer she fixed her eyes boldly on the speaker. Afterwards, what she had done so preyed upon her mind that she wrote him a note asking for an interview. The request was, of course, granted, and Mr. Kennedy, who was then married, invited the girl to spend a week-end with him and his wife at High Beech, Essex. This eventually led to her becoming very brightly converted, and she offered herself for the Foreign Mission field, where she is still working for her Master.

On another occasion he was travelling to Cambridge to speak at a meeting there, when another man entered the compartment in which he was. Having in his pocket some tracts, with which he was always provided, and being ever mindful of the great blessing he had himself received by means of one, he felt impelled to hand one to his fellow-passenger. Fighting down a natural timidity, he took courage in both hands and boldly asked his companion to accept the little booklet.

To his great surprise, he discovered his companion had been passing through the same inward battle, and each offered a tract to the other simultaneously. Naturally this circumstance led to pleasant and profitable conversation; at the end of the journey the two gentlemen exchanged cards, when Mr. Kennedy discovered his fellow-traveller to be no less a celebrity than General Gordon.

Another interesting journey was one night when after preaching he secured an empty compartment in an express train, hoping to get some sleep as he was very tired. Before the train started he noticed a man walking up and down the platform just in front of his carriage, taking every opportunity to glance in at him. The next minute the man got into the compartment. Mr. Kennedy did not like the look of him, and not fancying the long journey to London alone in his company, got out and went into another carriage—also an empty one. Just as the train was on the move who should jump into this carriage but the same man. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, and during the journey the two entered into conversation. The man whom he had so unsuccessfully tried



*Photo: Turner and Drinkwater.]*

E. J. KENNEDY, EVANGELISATION SOCIETY

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to evade turned out to be Ned Wright, a well-known converted thief ! He explained that, in passing the carriage window, he was so struck with the appearance of him, thinking what a fine-looking young fellow he was, and what wonderful influence he might wield as a Christian, that he wanted to travel with him to be able to speak to him about his soul. They had a splendid time together, and Mr. Kennedy booked Ned Wright to come and speak at the Lecture Hall at Acton. They often met after that, and on one occasion when Mr. Kennedy was to speak at a mission he was surprised to find Ned Wright was also one of the speakers. He acted as chairman for Ned Wright at a Mission he was conducting in connection with the L.B. and S.C. Railway lads at Brighton, during which God gave great blessing.

Mr. Kennedy became so widely known as an evangelist that he was booked many months in advance to hold services in various towns as well as villages. In those days the drawing-room meetings were just becoming fashionable, and at one of these, held at Grove Hall, Twyford, Mr. Toomer's eldest son was converted, and afterwards did much good

work among the boys in the village. After his death a memoir of his useful life was written, in which it is recorded that he was led to Christ through the message of God given by Mr. Kennedy at one of the drawing-room meetings held in his father's house.

One week-end Mr. Kennedy went by invitation to Lord Tollemache's beautiful residence at Hurlingham, the house party consisting chiefly of young men, of whom there were eleven, thus forming a cricket team, and eleven sons of Lord Tollemache forming another team. On the Saturday afternoon a cricket match was played, and on Sunday afternoon Mr. Kennedy gathered them all together to give them one of his bright, helpful talks. He was thoroughly a man's man, and was once heard to remark, "I am very keen indeed on trying to help young men. I regard the work as one of national importance."

An amusing incident happened to him on one occasion when he was to address a drawing-room meeting. Another speaker, a working man, from the Evangelization Society was also asked, and was to be the guest of the village grocer, and speak at the village Coffee Room. By some mistake

the working man found himself at the Hall (where Mr. Kennedy was to have gone) and Mr. Kennedy was directed to the grocer's. This was quite a small shop, and it was not altogether without discomfort that he squeezed himself into the little parlour behind, to have tea with the family. Although he tried to make his host and hostess feel quite comfortable, yet he could see they were considerably disconcerted, and their relief was very evident when someone from the Hall appeared to explain there had been a mistake. It transpired afterwards that the poor people at the grocer's had been wondering how their big guest would manage to adapt himself to the very small bedroom, and tiny bed, which was the best they could offer for his accommodation.

When Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American Evangelists, whose meetings were attended with so many wonderful results and proofs of blessing, first visited this country, they held services in the Agricultural Hall and the Opera House in London. Mr. Kennedy was a regular worker in their inquiry rooms, and he and the two Evangelists became great friends. On their second visit to England

they always asked him to conduct the overflow meetings, which he was only too pleased to do, except that it just prevented him having an opportunity of himself listening to the great preacher. Before he returned to America on this occasion Mr. Moody wrote in Mr. Kennedy's album, adding at the end, "And there were giants in those days." (Mr. Kennedy was 6 ft. 5 in. in height.)

He also frequently acted as steward at the Mildmay Conferences, and at one of the gatherings "under the mulberry tree" he gave an address on the work of the Y.M.C.A. Only quite recently, since his death, someone remarked, "Oh, yes, I remember Mr. Kennedy at those conferences very well. At the first we did not know his name, but always spoke of him as the 'handsome young steward.'"



## IV

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### *Marriage and Home at High Beech*

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MR. and Mrs. Arrowsmith, Mr. Kennedy's prospective father and mother-in-law, were greatly devoted to him, and very wishful that when their daughter, Edith, married, she and her husband should not live far away. Just about this time they went to reside at Arabin House, High Beech, Essex, where, in the grounds was a picturesque cottage, to which they made many alterations in view of the young couple making it their first home.

Arabin Cottage was a quaint old place, with a huge oak beam running right across the dining-room ceiling, and on either side of the chimneypiece was a large deep cupboard, the whole depth of the very thick walls. It had a beautiful garden, which was a great delight to Mr. Kennedy, who took great pride in his flowers, tending them with much care. He was specially fond of roses, violets, and

“cherry pie,” with all of which his garden was plentifully stocked. He was never tired of listening to the song of the nightingales, and was much amused at a visitor once, who, spending the night at Arabin Cottage, the next morning complained that he had passed a most disturbed night owing to “those —— nightingales” in the trees below his window !

Mr. Kennedy would never be indoors if he could manage to be in the open air. He was a real lover of nature, seeing in everything the evidences of God’s wonderful love and provision for the happiness of His children. He was fond of quoting :—

“ The kiss of the sun for Pardon,  
The songs of the birds for Mirth ;  
You are nearer God’s heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on Earth.  
The glow of the dawn for Glory,  
The hush of the night for Peace.  
In the garden at eve, says the story,  
God walks, and His smile brings relief.”

Edmund John Kennedy and Edith Arrow-smith were married on July 13th, 1880, at Waltham Abbey, and, in due course, they settled down at Arabin Cottage. After a short but very delightful honeymoon at

Cromer, they returned to High Beech, and at once were busily engaged in all kinds of useful work in the village. All through his life, after his conversion, Mr. Kennedy would never allow any private or personal happiness, business, or sorrow, to interfere with, or interrupt his work for the Master. He was often obliged to be much away from home and his dearly loved wife, and in one of his letters he wrote, "Much as I hate leaving you, and God only knows how much that is, yet *He* MUST come *first* in our lives and in our love." Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Arrowsmith did good work among the women in the village, and conducted a weekly mothers' meeting which was largely attended and much appreciated. In the grounds of Arabin House there was a large disused laundry, which Mr. Arrowsmith converted into a mission room where Mr. Kennedy held services on Sunday evenings, there being no evening service in the little village church. Later on, when he could not be away from Exeter Hall on Sundays, various speakers were sent from the Church Army to address these gatherings. There were not wanting evidences of great blessing upon these informal meetings, and

many of the village folk could look back to one of those Sunday evenings as marking the beginning of a new life. One interesting case was that of a young man who was employed at the house, and engaged to one of the maid-servants there. He accompanied her to the services, and also had many a chat with Mr. Kennedy, but, as far as the latter could tell, all resulted in no change in the young fellow's life. Many years afterwards, when Mr. Kennedy was curate at Hatcham, he received an urgent message to visit a man who was critically ill. When he arrived he found the patient was none other than this same fellow whom he had known and tried to influence at High Beech. The man knew he was dying, and it was his one wish to see Mr. Kennedy again and to tell him how his messages and counsel had not been forgotten, and that God had blessed those words to his soul.

He often addressed temperance meetings; the Blue Ribbon movement was then sweeping through the country. He became a teetotaller through a conversation with a man whom he was trying to persuade to sign the pledge. The man said to him, "Are *you*

a teetotaller ? ” “ No,” said Mr. Kennedy “ I am not a total abstainer, but I very seldom take alcohol.” “ Well, then,” said the man (who was known to be very often the worse for drink), “ if it ain’t needful for you it ain’t for me either, I don’t often take it.” From that moment he could see that he would not have the influence he needed so long as he had not taken the step he wished to persuade others to take. He addressed a large temperance meeting in London a year or so after this, when he put forward “ three reasons for being a total abstainer from strong drink.”

(1) For my own sake.

- (a) *Physically.* I do not require alcohol for my sustenance.
- (b) *Morally.* Its use in any quantity must lay me open to many evils that might otherwise be avoided.
- (c) *Spiritually.* One step beyond *moderation* is *immoderation*, and since “ no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God ” I find how terribly near to an eternal separation from God even the *use* of alcohol brings me.

(2) For my brother's sake.

One of the strongest powers committed to man is *influence*.

(3) For Christ's sake.

“ He loved me and gave Himself for me.” Seeing, then, that Jesus Christ has paid the price of my sin and guilt, is it not my duty and privilege to live for Him ? I read that “ the chief end of man is to glorify God ” ; as an abstainer I can help others (by example and otherwise) to resist this besetting sin and thus to glorify God.

## V

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### *Bridlington Sand Services*

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DURING the summer of 1882 Mr. Kennedy was urged by his brother-in-law, Mr. Edwin Arrowsmith—the well-known and energetic worker for the Children's Special Service Mission—to take up work among children during their school holidays at the seaside.

In the August of that year the Rev. Noel Storrs, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bridlington, invited Mr. Kennedy to conduct services on the sands. In order to accept this invitation Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy decided to spend their summer holiday there. No services of this kind had been held there before, and the novelty of the undertaking attracted large numbers of people from the very commencement. It proved such a success this first year that it was repeated the following and successive summers, when Mr. Kennedy had several

young men to help him, and often as many as from 2000 to 3000 hymn sheets were distributed among the crowd of listeners every morning. Sports and games were arranged for the afternoons, and a meeting for adults was held every evening in the Sailors' Institute ; in addition to these, when weather permitted, an open-air service was held on the pier. Often after the morning service he and his young men helpers would enjoy a sea bathe ; they were very fond of going out in canoes and each trying to topple the other into the water. One old lady, watching them from the shore, was heard to remark to her companion, " My dear, I don't call them men, they're just sea-dogs ! " The children eagerly awaited Mr. Kennedy's arrival on the sands each morning, and they went to meet him one day in great glee, telling him they had made a pulpit for him to preach from. On reaching the place he found they had dug a large hole for the pulpit, as they thought that, being so tall, he would not want to get any higher—but rather lower—to address them. They were somewhat disappointed to be told that that would not do, but very soon all set to work again, and with



his help a fine pulpit was soon erected and the service began. One evening he arranged a lantern procession. About 340 children, each bearing a Chinese lantern, met at the pier and marched two abreast along the sea front singing hymns, until the Beaconsfield was reached, where they formed a circle, outside of which congregated a vast crowd of from 4000 to 5000 people. Three clergymen and another layman, besides Mr. Kennedy, took part in the service, the whole proceeding being most picturesque and reverent. This lantern service was appreciated so much and was such a success that it became an annual institution. At one of these there was such a huge gathering that Mr. Kennedy felt he could not possibly be heard by one half if he attempted to preach, so in a clear loud voice he gave forth that wonderful truth, "Christ said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" The following day an invalid lady sent for him to her bedside ; she told him she was very unhappy, and how the day before she had heard a beautiful text loudly repeated twice. It was "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," and it came as a direct message to her soul. She was very

anxious to have an interview with the preacher, and before he left her she had found that "peace of God which passeth understanding." Instead of a discontented unhappy grumbler, she became a cheerful Christian who could praise and thank her Saviour even amidst much suffering.

In common with every other good work these "sand services" also came in for much unfavourable comment from those who disapproved of the movement. At one of the places where Mr. Kennedy was holding the services he read in a number of "Truth" to the effect that it seemed a great shame that children's holidays at the seaside should be spoilt by men wanting to preach to them. Why couldn't the dear children be left in peace to build their sand castles and play their games? Such action as that taken by these young men was abominable, and he (the writer) would just like to get hold of one and give him a good horsewhipping. Mr. Kennedy cut the paragraph from the paper, putting it into his pocket-book until wanted. After his return to town he lost no time in seeking an interview with the editor of "Truth," when this conversation took place :—

Mr. Kennedy : “ You are Mr. Labouchere, I believe ? ”

Mr. Labouchere : “ Yes, I am.”

Mr. Kennedy (producing the cutting): “ Then I presume you wrote this article ? ”

Mr. Labouchere : “ Yes, I did.”

Mr. Kennedy : “ Well, then, *I* am one of those young men, and I have come for the horsewhipping you are so desirous of giving me ! ”

Mr. Labouchere stood aghast and said nothing, he was so taken by surprise. Mr. Kennedy said, “ Now, Mr. Labouchere, why don't you proceed ? I'm quite in earnest, I mean what I say and I presume you were also in earnest and meant what you had written ? But perhaps you would rather wait until this evening and meet me at the gymnasium, when I shall only have a jersey on and so should feel your blows more ! ”

This was enough for Mr. Labouchere ; he was quite won over, and with a genial smile took his willing victim by the arm, saying, “ Come on, old chap, come and have a smoke with me ! ”

For five consecutive years Mr. Kennedy took his holiday at Bridlington, conducting

the services for children on the sands, until his work at Exeter Hall became so exacting during the whole of the year that he found it needful to take a more restful holiday. It was with great reluctance he abandoned these services, and always looked back to them with much pleasure. He assisted at similar services also at Scarborough, Llandudno, and Cromer, and right on all through his life he frequently came across people, not only those who had been children at that time, but also adults who testified to the great help and blessing they had received at those "Sand Services." He had a very tender spot in his heart's affection for children, and although at first they might be somewhat overawed by his great height, yet when they got to know him they instinctively loved and trusted him. A writer, referring to these Sand Services, has told how when once the town lamplighter was observed among the listeners by a pal, he was taunted by him with "Why, Jim, there bean't any lamps down here." "Aye," replied Jim, "there bean't no lights to light just now, Tommy, my lad, but there's plenty o' light here, thank the Lord." The same writer relates that a public schoolboy was heard to say, "Do you think

I ever give a parson a chance to talk at me ? not if I know it ! ” That same boy, however, came regularly to the Sand Services conducted by a young man in flannels and straw hat, and who, directly he had concluded, would pull stroke in the boat out of which he and his helpers took their daily swim, “ no matter how much sea was on.”

Just two more stories in connection with these Sand Services are worth relating. One day, when Mr. Kennedy was speaking to the children on the text “ whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely,” he wanted to impress upon them that each one is included in that “ whosoever,” also that when God promises anything He means what He says, and it only rests with us to believe and take Him at His word. To illustrate this Mr. Kennedy took a shilling from his pocket, and holding it up before the children, he said, “ Now, whoever would like this shilling let him take it,” and forthwith he passed along in front of the children holding the shilling before them. None ventured to take it, however, until he nearly reached the end of the row for the second time, when a little maid timidly put out her hand and took the shilling.

Then a boy near, who had let it pass, said, "Ugh, I never thought he really meant it!" Mr. Kennedy often related this incident to show how reluctant we are to believe God's promises when all the time His wonderful, loving gifts and blessings are for us if we will only put out the hand of faith and receive them.

A Punch and Judy showman was one day greatly annoyed because, instead of gathering round his show, the children were all joining the service circle, and he felt that his business was being interfered with. Thinking to make himself an annoyance to the preacher, and show his indifference as to what was taking place, he put up his show quite close to the children's gathering. At the close of the meeting Mr. Kennedy announced there would be a collection, and any money given he wished to hand over to the Punch and Judy showman! Always after that the showman joined the gathering, and was a most regular and attentive listener.

. . . . .

A great sorrow came into Mr. Kennedy's life in the autumn of 1884, when his mother,

who had been ill only a short time, passed away. He was a devoted son, and after his death a lock of her hair was found among his valued treasures in his pocket-book.

## VI

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### *Y.M.C.A. Work and Trip to America*

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EVERYONE who knows anything of the history of the Y.M.C.A., from the year 1884 onwards, knows that Mr. Kennedy was a most active worker and a most enthusiastic secretary of the movement for many years. As has already been said, he was keen about all Christian work among men—especially young men—so it is not at all to be wondered at, that the splendid Y.M.C.A. should specially appeal to him. From the very first, when he became a member of the institution, he was intensely interested in its work, and it continued to have his sympathy after his ordination as much as before. He was always pleased to be able to speak in support of the movement, though he could not devote much time to its claims when he had the charge of his own large parishes, first at Hatcham, and later at Boscombe. His last public appearance and addresses were at



Y.M.C.A. gatherings connected with their extensive work at home and abroad for the welfare, physical as well as spiritual, of our brave troops. Long before he was appointed General Secretary he was a member of the Y.M.C.A., and had done much valuable work among men, frequently taking services on Sunday afternoons and evenings at Exeter Hall. With Mr. Stanley P. Smith, B.A. of Cambridge, he held Church Parade Services in Hyde Park, which attracted immense crowds of fashionable people. In those days men wore the light beaver top hats, which style Mr. Kennedy adopted. This is just mentioned in passing, because it was the special attraction to one young man, who, in a spirit of ridicule, called to his companion, "Oh, I say, look at that chap preaching in a white topper ; let's go and hear what he's got to say !" They joined the throng of listeners, and God spoke to that young man's heart through His servant, with the joyful result that he, who was a sad backslider, was brought back to the foot of the Cross and found his Saviour still ready to pardon and to receive him again. It was only to be expected that some people would object to and

poke fun at what did not appeal to them. One writer, who chose to hide his identity under a *nom de plume*, sent a letter to an evening paper, in which he said : “ Another ‘ army ’ has come to the front, this time not invading low-lying districts with ‘ War Cry ’ banners, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, but without the beat of the drum ; a *corps d’élite*, charging the serried ranks of fashion and beauty, pressing forward into their very camp. Whence do they come ? what do they call themselves, ‘ mashers ’ or ‘ smashers ’ ? Their uniform and appointment point to the former ; the latter they evidently are striving to be. They come clothed in all the paraphernalia of modern society, good clothes, good looks, gentlemanly deportment, decided educational merits, harmonious voices, with a fluency of speech ; but why this invasion, why this intrusion on our moments of ease ? ” All down the ages men have tried to impede the simple preaching of the Gospel, but the work that is “ of God ” must and will overcome all obstacles, let man do his worst, and these Park Services were the means chosen of God to bring the message of salvation to many who would otherwise not

have heard the good news. These same young men also frequently spoke at meetings in West End drawing-rooms. The guests would be invited by Mr. and Mrs. ——— to a drawing-room meeting, on ——— evening at — o'clock. The visitors would come after dinner, and their host and hostess would provide light refreshment, such as coffee and biscuits, then ask them all to adjourn to the drawing-room, where Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Stanley Smith would conduct the meeting, giving a short straight address, which was always well received and appreciated.

The following is an extract from one of Mr. Kennedy's letters to his wife, describing a series of meetings held one June evening in 1882. "I went straight to Exeter Hall, and joined the other workers (about twenty) at tea. At 6 we had a prayer meeting with hymns, and at 6.30 took the harmonium out into the street and sang till a crowd drew round, then I gave an address and a Mr. Roberts sang a solo. At 7.15 I went inside for a little quiet time before the indoor service at 7.30. We had a splendid time. Mr. Roberts sang as a solo 'When my final farewell to the world I have said,' etc., very well indeed. I

spoke on 'They shall call *His* name Jesus,' etc., and *great* power was present. We had a wonderful after-meeting, so many remained that it was impossible to deal with each case separately, as time was too short. At 9 o'clock we had the harmonium out again, and sang out at the top of our voices (the manly voices sounded magnificent, and soon drew a large crowd). A gentleman then sang 'Where is my boy to-night?'; then I spoke again. There were such a lot of fast young *swells* present, but the attention was most rapt, hardly one moving away, and I am sure God worked mightily. Just as the meeting closed a man came up to me to say a cabman (who had drawn up a short distance off to listen) would like to speak to me. He said he wanted to join us, so I got a fellow to hold his horse and he accompanied me inside. He was a drunkard, only about thirty years old, coat in rags, he had a nice face, but awfully bloated. I went straight to the point and said, 'You've been drinking.' Poor fellow, he could not deny it, and as the tears streamed down his face, he said, 'I have got the dearest little wife ever man had, and four children, and I am breaking her heart. Only last

night, sir, she went on her knees crying bitterly and praying me to give it up. I have had many tries, and have always failed, but, to-night I have heard your words, and by *God's help* I'll sign the pledge and trust *Him* to keep me.' Well, he signed it and I put on him the blue ribbon ; we had prayer and then parted. He is coming with his wife to my meeting to-morrow at 8 ; if he does not come I shall look him up, for I have his address. Pray for him that he may look aright for keeping power. I reached home at 11 o'clock, after a grand evening's work. Oh, how I wish I had this sort of work more often, I LOVE it."

In 1884 Mr. Kennedy was invited by the Committee of the Central Association at Exeter Hall to become General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. He accepted the invitation, at the same time undertaking the duties connected with the editing of the 'Monthly Review.' One is not surprised to read that this magazine became very popular. A Press reference to it says : "The Y.M.C.A. 'Monthly Review,' which aforetime was the dullest and heaviest of reading, is now characterized by a brightness and buoyancy which

is quite refreshing.” In order to obtain interesting and instructive articles for the magazine, he spent two or three nights on different occasions in the streets, and on the Embankment, where he could learn at first hand something of those conditions under which “the other half of the world lives.” He had official escort to an opium den, where he was made acquainted with all the sadness and horror of that awful craving ; and, in company with a converted thief, visited a celebrated thieves’ kitchen, where he went a second time and had some interesting and helpful talks with the men. One of them gave the information that what burglars most dislike and fear in connection with their nefarious trade is a little pet dog indoors that will bark at the least disturbance. A large dog in the yard they can tackle by various means, and often destroy by giving him poisoned meat, but the small pet in the house they are unable to get at, and his timely warning often upsets their best-made plans. Another trouble to burglars, he said, is the bells which people sometimes hang on the shutters and which the slightest movement will set in motion.

In 1885 the Y.M.C.A. sent two representatives—Mr. Kennedy and Mr. M. H. Hodder, of the well-known publishing firm, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—to the American Convention, both gentlemen taking their wives. There are many interesting incidents connected with this trip, which combined business with pleasure and occupied about two months.

First of all, the voyage across from Liverpool to New York was far from a pleasant experience. The party travelled in the Cunard S.S. “Etruria,” which at that time was one of the largest vessels on the line, also the first one to be lighted with electricity. She was a magnificent ship, and this being her maiden voyage, everything about her was new-looking and up-to-date. Mr. Cunard, a director of the line, was among the passengers, and most courteously gave up his large cabin to Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, taking their smaller one instead. The voyage was exceedingly stormy, and will doubtless be memorable in the history of the splendid steamers of the Cunard Line. The run to Queenstown was uneventful, but, soon after passing the Fast-nett Rock, troubles began. The wind shifted

to N.W., and soon what had been only a stiff gale became a real cyclone. In his diary of the trip Mr. Kennedy wrote : “ All day long we were kept off deck by the big seas running over us ; one of the bridges was broken to bits, and the top of the saloon skylight broken in. The dreary day was only enlivened by the many ludicrous sights of people sliding about as the vessel rolled and pitched in a most alarming manner. At one time I counted six (including self) rolling in one heap mixed up with sofa cushions. One passenger was heard to say he had come for a pleasure trip. Looking curiously at him, with all the bitterness of feeling produced by *mal de mer*, a German remarked, “ Well, if a man comes here for pleasure he would go to h—l for a pastime ! ’ ”

At this point an extract from an account of the voyage sent to a newspaper by a passenger, is rather amusing. He says : “ Among those who were in the music-room, taking part in this shuffle-board, were two or three well-known London gentlemen. One of these, a very tall and handsome specimen of the genus *homo*, has been frequently seen at Exeter Hall, and would be recognized at once as a dis-



tinguished official of the Y.M.C.A. I have heard something of his fine ability in conducting affairs at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters, and I can now testify to his unquestioned ability as a rider of liberated cushions during a storm at sea. I should not be surprised to hear of his introducing a new feature into the gymnastic exercises at Exeter Hall when he returns from his visit to the States."

The following day there were signs of the storm abating, and gradually things began to assume a natural shape again and the journey was continued under more favourable conditions. In due course New York was reached, and the first two days Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. These two days and two at Boston were the only ones, during the whole of their stay in America, that they were not most hospitably entertained as guests in private houses. The first morning, in the corridor of the hotel Mr. Kennedy recognized a man whom he had seen almost every day travelling from Leytonstone to London by the same train as himself ; but they had never spoken to each other. " Now," he says, " three thousand miles from home made our hands meet in grasp." Two days

later he was present at a special evening reception of the different committees and friends of the Y.M.C.A., and after introduction to, and shaking hands with, over 250 men he was asked to address them. He also spoke at a White Cross Army meeting the following evening. Leaving New York, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy travelled by night train to Chattanooga ; it was a long journey occupying two whole days. There he at once made his way to the Y.M.C.A. rooms, which, he says, are poor, and the membership small, having only about 200 names on the list. Chattanooga was formerly a slave state, and there were still many negroes about. The Conference here was held in the Court House, and attended only by Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, of whom about 90 were present. Sessions were held each morning, afternoon, and evening on three consecutive days ; at each session papers were read, then questions invited. On the Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy attended the Coloured Wesleyan Chapel in the morning, and in the evening he preached there to a very crowded congregation. He says : " The building was crammed ; it was a strange sight to see a coloured congregation,

some of them coal-black, but all most devout. Some of them prayed very earnestly, and after it was over many came round to see me ; they seemed so affectionate and sincere and truly Christlike, yet these poor creatures, twenty years ago, were sold and treated like cattle." It is related that one day an old black man in the course of his preaching used the word phenomenon several times. One of his hearers afterwards asked him, " What is a phenomenon ? " The old man was a bit puzzled how to explain, but got over his difficulty by saying, " Well, it's like this ; if a cow was eating thistles in a field and a bird sat on a tree singing, that would *not* be a phenomenon, but if a cow was sitting on thistles in a field and singing like a bird that *would* be a phenomenon ! "

Atalanta was the next city visited, where kind hospitality was given by Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. At the first Conference Session (the Conference lasted four days with three sessions each day) a letter of introduction from the founder of the Y.M.C.A.—Mr. George Williams—was read, and the representatives from London received a very warm welcome. Mr. Kennedy spoke at a large farewell gathering

on the Sunday night, after he had been preaching at the Baptist Chapel. He writes : “ Hundreds were unable to obtain admission to the meeting, and after it was all over I had the joy of pointing two young Englishmen to Christ.” From Atalanta forty-four members and friends of the Conference went to Cave City to visit the Mammoth Cave—a wonderful experience. The diary relates : “ The cave has 250 miles at present discovered, of this we only traversed eight miles which took us exactly four hours. In many parts cairns have been erected by the different States ; a large one belonging to England received my ‘ pasteboard.’ In ‘ Great Relief ’ cavern we made a cairn in remembrance of the Convention, with Mr. Phildius’ and my name written on. (Mr. Phildius is the secretary representing Berlin, and a first-rate man.) I then held a short service—very solemn and impressive, closing with prayer.”

At Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy received kind hospitality at the house of Mr. McCormick. Receptions and meetings were held at the Y.M.C.A. and the week there was a very busy one. Mr. Kennedy spent one morning at Denny’s bacon factory, being greatly in-

terested in seeing the whole process, from the slaughtering of the hog to the packing up for the foreign market.

From Chicago they went to St. Catherine's, where they were the guests of the Rev. George and Mrs. Burson, whose brother—Mr. Arthur Burson—was fellow-secretary with Mr. Kennedy at Exeter Hall; and he has often remarked how invaluable his services there were. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Burson and their family they visited the wonderful Niagara Falls.

After St. Catherine's came Toronto, where busy days were spent, and the Y.M.C.A. several times visited, services being held. Mr. and Mrs. Blake extended to the travellers a very cordial welcome, and they had some most happy times in the company of their kind host and hostess.

At Lakefield Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were the recipients of much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strickland. Here village services were held and people visited.

Montreal, where Mr. and Mrs. Kingman were the kind host and hostess; Ottawa, where Mr. Kennedy stayed with Mr. James Gibson (brother of Dr. Munro Gibson); and

Boston were all visited in connection with Y.M.C.A. work, and of the Institution at the last of these places he says : " It is certainly the finest I have seen, beautifully arranged, well worked, and thoroughly *used*."

From Boston Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy returned to New York as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morse for two days, then they went on to Philadelphia, and back to New York for the homeward journey. They travelled this time in the Cunard liner "*Gallia*." The outward voyage was far from being smooth sailing, but, strange to say, the homeward one was even more eventful. The passage was prolonged through the breakage of the tunnel shaft when the vessel was four days out. The engines were completely disabled, and for three days the engineers were continually at work in effecting temporary repairs to the disabled shaft. At the end of the third day their efforts were so successful that the vessel was able to steam nearly ten knots an hour, a result which afforded so much satisfaction to the passengers that they started a subscription for the engineers, collecting £125. The passengers presented to Captain Murphy a testimonial in recognition of his coolness and

courage and for his unceasing care and attention for the welfare of those on board the steamer. The passage had taken nearly fourteen days from New York to Queenstown. Provisions became scarce, and everyone was reduced to two meals daily, a notice being posted in the saloon, "Breakfast at 9. Dinner at 6. No luncheon, no supper." Rations were limited. Soon the beer was exhausted and the only available beverage was water—and condensed sea-water at that! Many passengers were put to great inconvenience, but all were thankful to escape with life.

## VII

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### *General Secretary Y.M.C.A. Work*

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ON his return from America Mr. Kennedy threw himself with all his unbounded enthusiasm and energy into the work before him as General Secretary to the Y.M.C.A. at Exeter Hall. He determined to infuse new life into the whole concern, and in a letter written at this time he says : “ I feel the next ten years, if I am spared, are the best of my life, and I do want, God helping me, to raise the whole tone of the Y.M.C.A. work.” He did all he could think of to induce young men to come to the Institution, and one plan, which proved very successful, was to find out any Christian man in the large business houses and send him a special invitation to a bright social evening, also a ticket entitling him to make use of all the advantages of the Association for one month. These men were asked to forward monthly a list of those who had entered their respective firms during the





*Photo: Elliot and Fry.]*

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past four weeks, when each of these would receive a similar invitation and ticket. These monthly "At Homes" given by Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were a great feature of attraction, and the means of many young men joining the Association who might otherwise have been led away and drifted into the evils of City life.

Gospel services were held, not only on Sundays, but also every night of the week. A number of men used to walk up and down the Strand giving paper slips to passers-by inviting them to the service then proceeding at Exeter Hall. By this means employers and employees alike found themselves accosted on their way to the club or theatre, and many a one who had set out with the intention of spending his evening at some place of amusement would be persuaded to accept the invitation and make the discovery that enjoyment is not confined to theatre and music-hall.

Mr. Kennedy could always feel respect for an honest doubter, and he soon recognized that doubt was a serious hindrance to a young man's spiritual life, so he instituted what were known as "infidel lectures," at which celebrated speakers on the subject were invited

to address the gathering, and at the close anyone was at liberty to ask questions. These lectures became most popular, and were the means of clearing away many of the cobwebs which clog the brain of the honest doubter. He had a training class for young converts and workers, and under his secretariat every department of the Y.M.C.A. was a centre of splendid activity. He would always organize a class for any subject or language, provided there were not fewer than three members to enter for it ; this was much thought of and appreciated by the men who were desirous of studying a branch which was not in the ordinary syllabus. He also instituted Sunday afternoon services which were advertised as "Straight Talks to Young Men." A music-hall near by parodied the advertisement by proclaiming on their posters "Crooked Talks for Old Women." Whether the latter proved the success hoped for is not related, but it is certain the services at Exeter Hall were wonderfully blessed.

One case is known where the "Crooked Talks " advertisement proved to have quite an opposite effect to that intended. A young man had made his way into the music-hall

one evening, hoping to find something to smother the voice of conscience which was much troubling him at the time. He felt very unhappy, and endeavoured to drown his soul cries, if possible, in pleasure. As it proved, it was the means of bringing him peace, though in a far different way to what he had expected. One of the comedians, dressed as a parson, repeated after each verse of one of his songs the refrain, "If you want to get converted go to Exeter Hall." As he heard it something stirred in the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, "I believe that's just what I *do* want ; I'll go." Thereupon he left his seat and went straight away to Exeter Hall, where Mr. Kennedy was preaching. There he heard the simple "old, old story of Jesus and His love," and that night was converted through the message. He became personally known to Mr. Kennedy afterwards.

Mr. Clarence Hooper, who did the financial secretarial work at Exeter Hall, and of whose help Mr. Kennedy has often spoken with admiration and gratitude, has related how one evening they were walking together, when two young fellows from a factory near by, coming out from work, saw them, and called

out to Mr. Kennedy, "Is it cold up there?" Beckoning them to him, he said, "You asked me a question, 'Is it cold up there?' My answer is, 'No, it's warm up there, for the love of Jesus in the heart makes it warm,'" and he immediately spoke with those two young men about their spiritual condition.

In 1886 a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, which caused them immense joy. His love for his only child was very great, and as she grew up she thought no one was equal to her "Laddie" (her pet name for him). As a little girl she one day wrote him her first letter, which was: "I love you so, Daddy." He treasured this first effort of his little one, and it was found, among other things, in his pocket-book after his death.

The summer of 1886 was the last in which Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy spent their holiday at Bridlington. After that the choice generally fell upon Cromer. He used to hold open-air services at the pier there, after church on Sunday evenings, and frequently conducted a service for children in the afternoon.

Towards the close of the Cromer holiday a supper was always given to the fishermen and

boatmen, which was followed by a concert, the items being contributed by friends. At one of these Mr. Kennedy sang "The Three Fishers," which was given in the account in the local paper as "The Three Herrings"! Each man present received a large cheroot, which he invariably divided, smoking one portion during the concert, keeping the other to enjoy on the following Sunday.

Mr. Kennedy was for some years joint honorary secretary to the National Council, among whose members he had many friends. Mr. W. Hind Smith, who predeceased him by only a year or two, was a valued personal friend, and at that time was acting as "Traveling Secretary" to the Society.

*First things first* was Mr. Kennedy's method and motto, but he also realized that life is not to be filled up entirely with religious exercises; recreation must also play its part, and he himself entered into its many branches with such characteristic earnestness and enjoyment that no matter what the particular hobby or interest of the man whom he desired to influence might be, he was soon thoroughly at home with him. There was scarcely any sport or game with which he was not, more or less,

acquainted and proficient in, which enabled him to gain the confidence of men of all ages, who were not slow to discover that in him they had a real companion and friend. He was never tired of impressing upon people that to be a Christian does not mean to make a great parade of religion, and a neglect of the active side of life. In speaking of the Y.M.C.A. he said : " It is true that we aim at the spiritual benefit of our members, but we do not preach an emasculated pietism. A Christian young man is not necessarily a jelly. When I play at singlestick I don't cut any softer because I happen to be a Christian."

Entertainments of all kinds were organized ; a sixpenny concert being a general favourite, and one which gave excellent value for the money.

" The Ramblers," too, was well patronized. It was a club formed of men from all parts of the City, who every Saturday took an excursion to some place of interest, Mr. Kennedy sometimes conducting them to Epping Forest and afterwards entertaining them in his own garden to tea.

An enthusiastic gymnast, he soon found the existing gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. was



quite inadequate to the needs of the Association, so he proposed they should acquire premises, then for disposal, in Long Acre, to be altered and equipped to meet their requirements. When he propounded his scheme to the Committee it seemed such a great undertaking that they feared to adopt it. However, he was determined—his mind was made up—and, after a somewhat stiff tussle with the ruling powers of Exeter Hall, he won the day, and lost no time in having the newly acquired building quite transmogrified, with the result that it constituted one of the finest of London's gymnasia. It was of untold value to young men, who showed their appreciation by making very good use of it. It was fitted up with the latest and most approved appliances at considerable cost, but the success of the enterprise amply justified the outlay. When it was completed, Mr. Kennedy was very desirous that the opening ceremony should be performed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII). Accordingly, he went to Marlborough House to interview the Prince's private secretary, who asked to be given the details of the ceremony. Seeing that the proceedings were to open with

prayer, he said, "That item is quite unnecessary," at the same time crossing it through with his pen, "I am sure His Royal Highness will not want that." Mr. Kennedy replied, "Will you please tell His Royal Highness that the prayer cannot possibly be omitted ; rather than do that I would forgo the honour of His Royal Highness's presence." The Secretary thereupon went to the Prince (who was only on the other side of a curtain in the same room, and had therefore heard the conversation) who, willingly giving his consent to open the building, said, "Yes, let it stand as it is."

The new gymnasium was opened on June 7th, 1888, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by H.M. the King of Sweden and Norway, and by Prince Albert Victor of Wales. A guard of honour was supplied by the London Scottish Volunteers, and the whole ceremony was a memorable one. After it was over and the Royal party had left the building, the Prince of Wales returned, and, going straight up to Mr. Kennedy, shook hands with him, apologizing for having left without bidding him good-bye. This is just one of those little courteous and gracious acts

which our late King was always so mindful to bestow, and which so helped to make him such a beloved monarch by his subjects.

The entire ceremony was undoubtedly one to be long remembered in the annals of the Y.M.C.A. After His Royal Highness had most happily and graciously declared the gymnasium open, he presented a handsome 200-guinea shield, won in open competition by the "Exeter eight," each of whom received a 10-guinea gold medal at the hands of the Prince. A squad of thirty picked men then gave a display which elicited great praise from the King of Sweden and Norway.

The gymnasium was the centre of much splendid work, and a little band of its members would go to the poorer parts of the Metropolis to give instruction at Lads' Clubs, etc. Mr. Kennedy frequently met men who told him it was entirely through that gymnasium that they were induced to become members of the Y.M.C.A. He always led them through the intricacies of a wonderful maze, on Wednesday evenings, and while the gymnasts were having a breather before starting again, he would give them a straight manly ten minutes' talk. This was quite a new feature to be

introduced into this branch of the work, but it met with most encouraging results, and was eagerly looked forward to by the men.

In 1889, when the Paris Exhibition opened, Mr. Kennedy conceived the idea of arranging for some men from the Y.M.C.A. to go and visit it. He went over there himself, rented an empty house, furnished it comfortably, and left everything in working order under the personal supervision of Mr. Puttrell, who, in later years, became General Secretary at Exeter Hall. He sent over relays of young men who were willing to pay a very nominal sum for the journey and board and lodging ; and thus some hundreds were enabled to enjoy an exceptional holiday in Paris. At the end of the time the furniture was sold, and after all expenses were paid there was money in hand. The Committee of Exeter Hall were so delighted with the success of the undertaking that they presented him with a substantial cheque to show their appreciation of his efforts for the men's pleasure. By this means they gave him a splendid holiday, for he used their gift towards the expenses of himself and his wife, his brother, and a

sister-in-law to visit the Exhibition. They spent six days in Paris, filling up every moment with seeing all there was to be seen in the Exhibition, as well as in the beautiful city and its neighbourhood.

## VIII

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### *Y.M.C.A. Annual Meetings and Conference*

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**D**URING the years Mr. Kennedy was connected with the Y.M.C.A. he attended and spoke at most of the Annual Meetings and Conferences in all parts of the country. On one occasion he, as General Secretary at London headquarters, was asked to address a large conversazione given in St. Andrew's Hall, Plymouth. In the course of his speech he said he made no apology for introducing the name of Christ on such an occasion. Some might think it unseemly to speak of Christ at a social gathering ; if there was anything unseemly in it then there should be no social evening. Let them never do anything, nor go anywhere, if they could not ask the Divine blessing upon what they were doing. He had no patience with the religion that apologized for itself. In pleading for financial help towards the building fund of the Plymouth Association,

he asked all present who were in sympathy with the work to hold up the right hand. A large number responded. "Then," he asked, "*how much* are you in sympathy? I would give little for the sympathy that holds up its hand, but puts that hand behind the back when asked to help." He went on to say that some of the greatest and most intellectual men who had ever lived had been Christians. Some time ago a gentleman told him that Lady Cairns related this incident about the late Lord Cairns. Lord Granville came up to her ladyship on one occasion and said: "Can you tell me how it is that no matter what business is on, no matter how he may be pressed, your husband always comes down to the House so quietly and so full of vigour and power?" "Oh, yes," Lady Cairns replied, "I can tell you; he always spends a time alone with his God before he goes into the House."

While at Plymouth Mr. Kennedy visited Princetown in company with the Governor of the prison, Mr. Plummer, who took him all over the premises. He said that when the time comes for a convict to leave, he has a private interview with him in his room, when

he gives him his pay and tries to advise him as to his future conduct. One day he asked a man what he intended to do when he was released. "I'm going into the jewellery line," the man at once answered. "Oh," said Mr. Plummer, "then you are really going to work. I am glad ; but you will want some knowledge of the business ?" "No, sir, I'll only want a pickaxe," replied the incorrigible, much to his would-be helper's surprise, for the man evidently meant to go back to his old ways as soon as he had the chance. This was, certainly, an unusual instance, for, as a rule, when men leave the gaol they really intend to try and go straight, and appreciate the kindly advice offered by the Governor.

At a Conference meeting in Perth, according to a Press notice, Mr. Kennedy "delivered a stirring address to young men," when he made special reference to two insidious forms of evil which attack some of the loftiest intellects of the country—scepticism and gambling. He urged all Christians to put their foot upon this evil, which destroys the manliness of young men in every department of life. They should look down on gambling ; from whatever point of view they saw it, it



was wrong ; it was wrong in practice and it was wrong in principle.

In another chapter more will be said on this subject of gambling, when Mr. Kennedy dealt with it in his preaching in later years. " Betting and Gambling " formed the subject of his address to men at a Sunday afternoon gathering during a week's mission held at Hull under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. The services were held in Hengler's Circus, and very largely attended. Hull, being so near Bridlington, where he was so well known, very many people came over to be present at the meetings, and many old acquaintances were renewed.

He had some wonderful and encouraging services, coming across many interesting cases in connection with his work. Every night the circus, which had accommodation for 3500 people, was crowded out and an overflow meeting had to be conducted elsewhere.

At this Mission he was assisted by Mr. G. G. Stebbins, a fine singer, and Miss Ada Rose, R.A.M. silver medallist, who has since died. A short time previously she had been converted at a Salvation Army meeting, where

she had gone with some friends out of curiosity, and prepared to make fun of the proceedings. God spoke to her, and she yielded herself to Him and His service. After that she would only sing sacred songs, and many hundreds were enabled to hear the sweet message of God's love through the consecration of this gift. Miss Ada Rose and Mr. Stebbins sang solos each evening at Mr. Kennedy's Mission services. Many of the nurses at the Hull Infirmary received great blessing, and were the means of bringing others to the meetings. The following year he went again to Hull to work among the converts of the year before, there being again evidences of much good resulting.

After one of the evening meetings, one of the helpers at the Mission came to him, feeling troubled about his brother in America, and said, "How I wish he were a Christian." Mr. Kennedy replied, "Let us pray about it," so together they knelt down, remaining long in earnest prayer. Some weeks later this gentleman received a letter telling him of his brother's conversion; how one evening he was strolling aimlessly along when the sound of singing attracted him to a service being

held in a Wesleyan chapel, and he was led to accept Christ. Letters were exchanged, when it was found that the time of his brother's conversion coincided exactly with that when Mr. Kennedy and he were so earnestly praying for him.

It would be quite impossible to attempt to even name the many places, not only in England but also in Scotland and Ireland, where Mr. Kennedy conducted meetings and attended conferences. When he was going once to a conference in Edinburgh, he happened to fall in with Mr. George Williams, who was bound for the same destination. They travelled together all the way by Pullman car, which was very much *de luxe* in those days, Mr. Williams defraying all expenses of the journey. A conference of secretaries held at Cork gave Mr. Kennedy a good opportunity of seeing something of the Emerald Isle. He visited Belfast and the Giant's Causeway in company with a friend whom he met quite unexpectedly on the steamer. In a letter from Cork he writes : " Last night a number of Roman Catholics were present at the meeting, who listened grandly to the simple Gospel truths." Speaking of another service, he

says : “ This is a very hard place to work, the majority of the people being Roman Catholic.” Notwithstanding that difficulty, the meetings were apparently well attended, for his letters constantly report “ We had a grand meeting last night, hall crammed out.”

Sheffield was another place where much good work was done. Here Mr. Kennedy was suffering with his throat, and at first had considerable difficulty in speaking. He says : “ To-day I have two meetings, and wonder however I shall get through them. I was certainly wonderfully helped last night, and had one of the most solemn times I ever recollect experiencing. On Sunday evening the meeting was crowded with *men*, and many came into the enquiry-room afterwards. I believe there is going to be a great reaping ; the attention and solemnity are profound in the extreme. ‘ Who is sufficient for these things ? ’ I am wonderfully helped by my Saviour. Do pray for me ; I am so terribly conscious of my shortcomings. I often wonder how it is God so blesses my preaching, knowing, as I do, my sinful heart.”

A very interesting time was enjoyed in Sweden at a Conference when the Y.M.C.A.

delegates were entertained by the King. On the way out Mr. Kennedy stayed a day at Brussels, from which place he went to the celebrated battlefield of Waterloo, an excursion he thoroughly enjoyed. A day was also spent at Cologne, the fine Cathedral, among other sights of the city, being visited. From there the journey was continued to Stockholm, via Copenhagen, with which latter place he was not at all prepossessed, and called it a "most matter-of-fact place." A banquet given to the delegates was a memorable feature of the visit to Stockholm, and will certainly not be forgotten in this connection, that a much-recommended drink, "Ginger-pop," was so appreciated. The guests were teetotallers, consequently there was no mention of wines ; but one can imagine the shock they received when they were afterwards informed that the "Ginger-pop" they had enjoyed, and which they had thought to be some special beverage of the country, was nothing but light champagne !

The Conference at Stockholm was held the same year in which the King of Sweden was in London at the opening of the Gymnasium.

In June, 1894, the Y.M.C.A. celebrated its Jubilee. It was a great occasion, and the arrangements extended over some days. A special sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Tuesday evening, a Thanksgiving service was held in Exeter Hall the following morning, and that same evening (Wednesday, June 6th) a grand Jubilee gathering took place in the Royal Albert Hall, when Sir George Williams, after he received his knighthood, was presented with a handsome bust of himself.

The next afternoon an excursion was made to Windsor, when Frogmore and the famous Dairy Farm were thrown open to the delegates, who numbered several thousands.

Representatives from all parts of the world were present, and never was such a huge marquee erected as was required to accommodate the large company.

In the early part of this year (1894) Mr. Kennedy tendered his resignation to the Y.M.C.A. Committee, in order to read for Holy Orders. He had been often approached on the subject by friends—clergy and laymen—and after much prayer and thought he decided to take the step. In a letter at this

time, he wrote : " I do pray that I may be willing to do what is God's will. I am so fearful of taking the step on my own account, and without taking into consideration the ultimate object of life ; on the other hand, if by ordination I can do a better work for a longer time, no personal reasons ought to hold me back, however much I feel them—and God knows I *do*, even contemplating them from this distant standpoint. No step I have ever taken has ever cost me so much, even in thought, as this."

With many expressions of regret the Exeter Hall Committee accepted the resignation, most considerately and generously waiving the necessity of three months' notice which, in the ordinary way, would be required, when, before the expiration of this period, Mr. Kennedy received an invitation from Lady Sebright to accompany her young son on a tour to the Holy Land. The Committee were fully aware what a grand opportunity and experience such a trip would be to a man entering upon ordination, so they released him from his duties in order that he might accept the offer and start at once. He was the recipient of a valuable testimonial, taking

the form of a cheque, a roller-top desk, and an illuminated address, on his resigning the position of General Secretary at Exeter Hall, which he had so happily occupied for nearly ten years.



## IX

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### *Trip to the Holy Land*

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ON Tuesday, March 5th, 1894, Mr. Kennedy started for a trip which he had long hoped he might some day be able to take—to the Holy Land. He travelled to Nice, where he was joined by Sir Egbert Sebright, who was there with his mother. Before leaving the Riviera Mr. Kennedy visited Monte Carlo—and of the Casino there he writes in his diary : “ The Casino is beautifully appointed, the grounds being charmingly laid out. The faces of the players in the rooms were a study which kept me all eyes for two or three hours. The feverish anxiety of some and the assumed indifference of others seemed to represent the two great classes of the crowds putting on their money. The situation of Monte Carlo and Monaco is unique, everything that nature and art can do to make a place beautiful has been called into

operation, and the result is the most beautiful spot in the world."

A few hours spent at Naples, during coaling operations, enabled the passengers to go ashore. Here Mr. Kennedy visited the Museum, where he says he inspected "surely the most degrading exhibits retained in any building in the world. The degraded state of the heathen world was very clearly shown by these relics of a world without the Bible, and strongly showed the truth of Romans i." Of the Bay of Naples he says: "I thoroughly endorse the love that all Neapolitans have for their far-famed bay. Vesuvius looked at its best, and I shall never forget the enchanting scene." Alexandria and Cairo afforded many novel and interesting pleasures, where places worth seeing were all visited. The Pyramids' excursion was something quite out of the common, the ascent to them being made on camels. He says: "The mounting was great fun—the camels kneeling, one easily gets on to the back, but the process of the brute's standing is certainly embarrassing—a series of violent pitches fore and aft makes one hold on tightly to the back pommel, and then one is off."

At the Soldiers' Institute at Cairo Mr. Kennedy gave an address on two occasions while he was there, the meetings being well attended. The journey proceeded, but when Jaffa was reached, for which most of the passengers were bound, they were unable to land, owing to the very high sea running and there being no harbour. There was nothing to be done but go on to Beyrout, which meant another 120 miles. Here, before landing, there were certain customs duties to go through, about which he remarks: "The cigarettes and cigars were heavily mulcted, and some tracts and Testaments seized—may they find a right haven!"

Later, on coming to Sidon, he writes: "It was with strange sensations I approached the place, gazing upon the hills that *my Lord Himself* must have looked upon during those visits when He declared the truth to the blind misguided people who refused Him until they received the terrible rebuke which declared it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for Tyre and Sidon." At another place, where he was writing up his diary, two Moslem gentlemen were standing at his side, greatly interested in his reservoir

pen—evidently quite a novelty in that part of the world in those days. Through an interpreter the three had been engaging in a very edifying conversation concerning their respective religions, and they finally quite agreed that they should all eventually reach the same goal.

A most exciting adventure seemed probable during a ride one afternoon. Mr. Kennedy and his young companion were out alone, when they saw what looked uncommonly like a panther. Each was armed with a revolver, and visions of big game hunting loomed up before their imaginations. They had either to pass the animal as he crouched in the grass or to ride up to him. Cautiously they approached, every nerve at high tension, and wondering what would happen ; getting nearer and nearer to the beast Mr. Kennedy fired his revolver into the air to arouse him, in true sportsmanlike fashion. With great courage they sprang up to see the effect of the shot and discovered—a dog ! It may be noted, however, to their credit, that these two hunters were successful several times in shooting birds and wild duck.

Mr. Kennedy was much interested in a service at the Greek Chapel at Jaffa. He describes it as the most impressive and picturesque ceremony. There were many sects represented, and at one time there were the Greek, Copt, Latin, and Nestorian service all proceeding in the same building in their several chapels.

He went for a drive that same afternoon to the hill which most correctly answers to the description of Calvary according to the New Testament. He says in his diary: "It is impossible to describe my feelings as I stood there and let my imagination have full sway! Then we proceeded to Gethsemane, where, again, one pondered until the whole memorable scene of our Lord's soul agony came before one's eyes. My reverie was somewhat rudely broken into by some Americans who were talking as if they were looking at the most ordinary spectacle—say a market place or Stock Exchange. After that I went alone to Calvary, where I sat and prayed and meditated for a long time. It was a glorious moonlight night, and I shall never forget the scene. The predominant thought in my mind was, 'The wideness of

His mercy is as the wideness of the sea.' Sitting *there* it seemed incredible that ever any sect could lay claim alone to the great work of Christ's sacrificial death. Rather, it occurred to me, does the work benefit all of every religion who, according to their light, do *His* will. I returned home a better man, I hope."

At every point at this part of the journey the various incidents in the life of our Lord must have seemed very real. To be gazing over the same landscapes ; passing in many places over the same roads ; living for the time among the same race of people, would naturally bring before the imagination many of the scenes of that time. The Mount of Olives would suggest the holiest thoughts ; the mountain path past Bethphage to Bethany ; the reputed tomb and house of Lazarus at the latter place ; the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, all, with many others, would fill the heart and mind with wonderful, sacred thoughts and feelings, but, in Mr. Kennedy's case, what appears to have been the very supreme climax of admiration, wonder, and praise was when he gazed upon Nazareth. Here an extract again from his diary will give

the best description : “ Gazing at the little town (Nazareth) nestling among the hills, one wondered *why* God chose so quiet a spot for the thirty years’ life of preparation of His Son. It was marvellous, too, to look upon the surroundings which witnessed the shaping of so wondrous a life.” After referring to one or two things which he did, or places he visited in company with his friends, he goes on to say : “ I then returned to the hill-top and enjoyed what for years I have desired—a quiet think on the hill-top of Nazareth. The very view made me contemplative . . . the sun was setting gloriously over Carmel, and I knew that I was gazing on the very same country that our Lord must again and again have looked upon. What wondrous thoughts must have come to Him as *He* gazed at *His* own handiwork and thought of all *He* had come to effect ! Some moments in a man’s life are sufficiently marked as to be indelible on the tablet of his memory. Such were the minutes I spent alone on that hill-top—never—never to be forgotten.”

At Jerusalem the Shereef intimated through the Sheikh his desire to see Mr. Kennedy and

his friend. They had a most cordial reception, a gentleman who spoke English and acted as cicerone showing them everything but the interior of the Mosque, which they were not allowed to enter, being Christians. In the evening of the same day the call was returned by nine or ten gentlemen. The Shereef was not able to come, but his brother, the Governor of Jerusalem, was there. Before leaving, they pressed Mr. Kennedy and his young companion to take lunch with them the next day. The meal was served at 12 noon, and this is his account, which may be interesting and perhaps rather amusing : " Cushions were spread around the tablecloth, which was laid on the floor. The large central dish contained a sheep roasted whole and stuffed with rice ; salad, bowls of sour milk, potatoes baked in gravy, and some pastry completed the menu. In order to meet *our* requirements spoons were set for us, the rest of the company used their fingers. The meal was certainly not appetizing to look at. A man would put out his hand, tear a lump of meat from the part of the sheep he most fancied, and put it on his plate ; he would then plunge his hand into the rice,



squeezing it as dry as possible from the gravy, making his hand in a state more easily imagined than described. We got on fairly well, but the meat was very tough, and with no knife to cut it, the rending of it into small pieces was almost impossible. I had to empty my mouth every now and then, putting the contents into my handkerchief, then throwing them out of the window which happened to be conveniently near at my back. After the meal we had a wash, and certainly our hands required attention in this respect." He was told afterwards that near to the window to which he refers were some Arab beggars, who greedily seized upon his contribution to their meal, the while lifting their voices to Allah, thanking him for the good things he had sent !

This trip to the Holy Land occupied three months, six weeks of which were spent by the two travellers in the saddle journeying across a desert.

They had two splendid Arab steeds to ride, while their own caravans conveyed the belongings of them and their servants. The whole time they were living under canvas enjoying their novel experience, which enabled them to

learn much of Eastern travelling and Eastern customs.

Several times Mr. Kennedy delivered lectures on his tour to Palestine in order to raise funds for parish work and other charitable objects.

## X

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### *Ordination and Curacy at Hatcham*

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DURING the time Mr. Kennedy was travelling in Palestine he studied a good deal, having taken books with him for that purpose. The late Archbishop Temple was most anxious that he should take Holy Orders. In talking it over together, after having decided to do so, he asked the Archbishop's advice as to his going to college for the ordinary course of study. Naturally, he did not want to give up so much time as that would require, though he was willing to do it if the Archbishop thought it necessary. His answer was, however, that all the varied experience which Mr. Kennedy had had in connection with evangelistic work would have taught him more than he would gain from a course of college training, therefore, in his case, that might well be dispensed with. Accordingly, after his return from the Holy Land, he gave himself to his work in real

earnest, devoting his whole time to study under the guidance of the Rector of High Beech—the Rev. J. Norton.

Amongst those whose advice he sought, and who gave it in favour of ordination, were the Rev. W. H. Stone, who afterwards, as Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, gave him his title, and the Rev. Canon Barnes-Lawrence, who succeeded him as Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe.

He was ordained at Rochester Cathedral at the Advent ordination, by the Bishop of Rochester, and joined the staff of St. James'. Writing of this, a fellow curate has said : " It was with deep interest I and my colleagues heard from the Vicar that Jack Kennedy was about to join the staff. In due time Kennedy was ordained, and, despite his vast experience in Christian service, took his place as the ' Junior Curate ' with a beautiful modesty that won the hearts of all."

His first sermon after his ordination as deacon of the Church of England was preached in High Beech Church, on a Sunday morning early in January, 1895, where a large congregation had gathered to hear him who had lived among them so long, and had also held

the position of churchwarden in that same building. It was a great joy to his father-in-law to see him occupying the pulpit in his village church, and it was a sad coincidence that he passed away only a week or two afterwards, and within the twelve months of the death of his wife.

For some time Mr. Kennedy had held a service once a month in the Mission Hall, Loughton, about two miles from High Beech ; when the people there heard he was leaving the neighbourhood for London, they expressed a desire to show their appreciation of his services by making him a small presentation. He and Mrs. Kennedy one day received an invitation to a meeting at the Public Hall, Loughton. They had heard nothing of what was afoot, and, showing how completely innocent they were of the object of the gathering, Mrs. Kennedy asked her husband if he had some money with him as there was sure to be a collection ! Arriving at the Hall, he was invited on to the platform, which he could not understand, as he did not know he was intended to speak. Then it was explained by the chairman that it was felt by many that he should not be allowed to leave

the neighbourhood without letting him know how highly he was esteemed and respected. He had set them all a noble example, and if they were all like him Loughton would be a better place. There had been no difficulty in getting up the testimonial, as every one asked had been only too eager to subscribe. He was regarded with affection by all denominations in the parish, and they asked his acceptance of a watch, bearing the inscription, "To E. J. Kennedy, a small token of esteem and affection from Loughton, 18th November, 1894." Mr. Kennedy expressed his thanks in a feeling speech, delivered with much emotion, and said that for the first time in his life he was quite unable to find words for what he wanted to say. He was thoroughly taken by surprise, for until the chairman had spoken he had no idea why he was invited to the Hall; he had been told some story of going to meet a black Bishop!

Mr. Kennedy's first winter at Hatcham was very severe; the parish being a very poor one great distress prevailed, but in connection with St. James' Church there was a large soup kitchen opened. Many of the poor people, either very old or invalided, were

unable to get out for their supply, so Mr. Kennedy, with helpers, would go round to the cottages for utensils in which to fetch the hot soup for them. These were of very varied kinds, anything, in fact, which the helpers could lay hands on was requisitioned, and frequently it happened to be the jug of a wash-hand basin. Mr. Kennedy has often told of the sadness of that time, and what distressing and often heartrending cases he used to come across in the course of his duties.

The parish possesses a nice Y.W.C.A. building, provided by a sum of money given to him with the wish that he should use it in any way he desired. With it he bought a house and had it adapted to the requirements of the Association, under whose auspices it proved a great boon to the women of the neighbourhood.

As has previously been said, Mr. Kennedy was a keen sportsman, and one form of sport in which he greatly delighted was fishing. On two occasions he went with his Vicar to the North for that purpose, and at Altnaharra was successful in landing fifty-three trout in one day.

After serving as deacon for twelve months, he was ordained priest by the present Bishop of Winchester, Right Rev. E. S. Talbot, and remained another year as curate at St. James'.

The Vicar, the Rev. W. H. Stone, then received the offer of the living of St. Mary's, Kilburn, which he accepted, and on his preferment, the living of St. James', Hatcham, was offered to and accepted by Mr. Kennedy. During the time of his curacy he had proved himself a capable and energetic worker, and had endeared himself to the hearts of all in the parish, so that his appointment to the Vicariate met with very general approval.





ST. JAMES', HATCHAM



THE VICARAGE, HATCHAM



## XI

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### *Work at St. James', Hatcham*

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MR. KENNEDY was inducted to the living of the parish of St. James', Hatcham, by the Rural Dean, the Rev. S. Grundy.

The Vicarage was large, standing in its own grounds of about two acres. Part of this was used as a pleasure garden, the rest being plentifully supplied with vegetables, while there was a chicken run at the far end. A large tennis lawn afforded much pleasure to the young people, who, during the summer, were frequently invited to play, and on two occasions it was used for a somewhat unusual entertainment—a moonlight concert. This was given for the purpose of raising funds towards the building of the new Mission Hall, which was completed in due course, and formally opened by H.R.H. the Princess Christian.

A man who had seen Mr. Kennedy fre-

quently in the old Exeter Hall days, but had not spoken with him before, spent a morning with him soon after his appointment as Vicar of St. James'. This is what he said of him : " A man whose very grip of the hand will tell you what he is, and reveal what is in his heart—sincerity. His very eye is honest—he can fix it on you and win your confidence. He is a man who, if you did not know him, you would turn round and wonder who he was ; ten minutes with him, and you would trust him implicitly. In his study and the adjoining room you get a glimpse of his real character. There are the fishing-rods, his golf kit, his tennis racquet, his cricket bats, and his bicycle. He shows in a practical way that he can sympathize with others, and that has been one of the greatest secrets of his success in dealing with young men."

Mr. Kennedy found the large parish at Hatcham in fine working order when he took it over, and his work seemed to increase by leaps and bounds as time went on. He had a large Bible-class for ladies once a week in church, and a band of workers known as " The Helpers' Union," was well named, being of immense value in the parish. It had

been long established, consisting of a number of ladies who were at any time ready to give their voluntary services for whatever they might be needed. Being mostly engaged in business during the daytime, many were only available for evening help, but whenever or whatever it was, they were ready and willing to do what they could—give help at the many parochial teas, decorate the church for the festivals, assist at the various concerts or bazaars—in fact, anything or everything. One evening a week they would go to the Y.W.C.A. to help there among the women, and at Christmas-time they earned quite a substantial sum towards the maintenance of the parochial soup kitchen by singing carols. Twice a year they all gathered at the Vicarage, by invitation, and very happy times were enjoyed.

At St. James' Mr. Kennedy had a very large Sunday-school, with as many as 5000 children and a staff of 218 teachers. Although for the most part these men and women were in business the whole of the week, yet they gladly gave up an hour or two of their Sunday's leisure to this important branch of the church's work.

One difficulty in such a huge parish, with its three churches, was to get to know each of all the workers personally. One means the Vicar adopted in connection with his Sunday-schools' staff, was to organize afternoon outings about twice during the summer for all who were able to avail themselves of the opportunity ; then there was also the great treat of the year for the young scholars, when, together with the clerical staff and the teachers, a wonderful excursion was made to Epsom. For conveying this large party three long trains were specially engaged, and a rare day was enjoyed by hundreds who very seldom went beyond the confines of London.

Besides the Sunday-school staff there were two district nurses, belonging to and working exclusively for the parish, and a Scripture reader. Mr. Kennedy paid affectionate tribute to his faithful band of " Four hundred hearty workers," and was most enthusiastic in praise of his four energetic curates. One of these, in writing of him after his death, says : " How his colleagues loved him, and how unselfishly he served them ! Had he a fellow-worker particularly adapted to some vacant post of greater responsibility ? then

no consideration for any inconvenience to himself for a single moment prevented him from urging his appointment. So for four years he maintained the traditions of Hatcham."

His confirmation classes he looked upon as almost a little mission in themselves, and he was deeply interested when, as was frequently the case, he heard from intending candidates that they dated their conversion from the seaside services which they used to attend during their holidays.

When he was at Port Said, returning from his visit to the Holy Land, he purchased a wee pet monkey to bring home for his little girl. During the journey he had various difficulties to encounter in consequence of this unusual piece of luggage, but all were satisfactorily overcome and the little monkey soon settled down to its new life at Hatcham. It was a great pet, and known to all the parishioners, who were much amused by its antics. It was devoted to its master, but carried its devotion rather too far one Sunday morning on which it set out to find him. The church was only about fifty yards from the Vicarage, and, it being summer-time, the door was open

while the service was in progress. Presently it trotted the pet monkey, and sat gallantly in the middle of the aisle, looking about for its master and chattering gaily, when it discovered him in the pulpit. The little creature caused a diversion for the congregation, and for a time had it all its own way, for every one fought rather shy of tackling it. Afterwards it was better guarded, and for three years enjoyed much petting, until one day becoming ill, it was speedily and painlessly put out of the land of living monkeys.

Saturday afternoon, a time of holiday with most busy workers, was generally spent in cycling runs. Anyone, man, woman, or child who could cycle, was invited to join the party, generally accompanied by the Vicar, and immensely enjoyed by all participators. Outsiders—so to speak—used to wonder what the party was ; such a number of people of all ages and both sexes cycling together was unusual, and until it was explained that it was a parochial Saturday afternoon excursion they conjectured many things—mostly incorrect.

The Vicar had not been long appointed before he set about seeing how to provide a new clergy vestry, of which the church was



badly in need ; in due course it was erected, supplying a long-felt want.

He also rented a house in the parish, having it fitted up for a Men's Club ; it was supplied with a variety of literature, a number of games, and a billiard table ; debates were frequently held, and, altogether, it was carried on most successfully, being much appreciated by the members, of whom there were a large number.

From the time he first went to Hatcham, Mr. Kennedy had a service for men every Sunday afternoon. He always said he considered it such an important thing to get the *men* to come to church ; and from his experience he had found that what they want chiefly is a bright service, with a short, straight, manly address—not a lot of ritual or ceremony nor a long theological discourse, but the plain Gospel simply put before them so that they could understand it and be able to apply it to their daily lives. Once a month the musical part of the service was augmented by a good orchestra, composed from among the parishioners, and twice during the year (when the orchestra also attended) the service was open to men and women. He always

liked to select subjects for these, as well as for his usual every Sunday afternoon addresses, which would be likely to attract, and in this he was generally successful. A very helpful and greatly-enjoyed course of addresses was given on consecutive Sundays on the Commandments, another time on the Lord's Prayer. One subject which drew a crowded congregation of both sexes was "The Better Half." A friend, who went to the service, had been speaking to him just before, and was evidently afraid the preacher would "give the men away," but he had no such intention, for, he said in his address, "on the principle of 'honour among thieves' he dared not round on his own sex. It had been said that man was the head : granted, but if man was the head, woman was the neck which turned the head. Which was the better half ? Surely that one was the better who possessed the best qualities. It was said 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.'

" Heaven bless the wives,  
They fill our hives  
With little bees and honey ;  
They ease life's shocks,  
They mend our socks,  
But don't they spend the money ! "

If they did spend the money he thought most of the men present would agree with him that generally it was spent chiefly on the husband and children."

On one occasion the present Bishop of Winchester, the Right Rev. E. S. Talbot, then Bishop of the diocese, came to address the men at their monthly service. About 1200 were present, and much appreciated the helpful words spoken by the Bishop.

Empire Day was made the occasion of hoisting the flag for the first time on the newly-erected flagstaff at St. James'. The ceremony was performed by the Vicar's daughter, Violet, in the presence of the officials of the church, members of the congregation, and the children of the National Schools. The National Anthem was sung, and the function terminated with cheers for the Queen.

It was a great day for the parish of St. James' when the new Mission House, referred to in the beginning of this chapter, was formally opened by H.R.H. Princess Christian. The building has been described as the one bright spot in the little gloomy obscure street—Pragnell Street—in New Cross. There is a

large hall for services and meetings, there are committee rooms and class-rooms, a gymnasium fully equipped for the Church Lads' Brigade, a soup kitchen, and a convenient flat for a church worker, in which the Scripture reader lived. Over £3000 out of the whole cost—nearly £4000—had been subscribed before the opening ceremony, and afterwards the Princess received purses towards the amount still outstanding. The Church Lads' Brigade formed a guard of honour, and the whole parish turned out to give the Princess a right royal welcome. At the conclusion of the ceremony she returned with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy to the Vicarage, where tea and refreshments were served, before she drove back to town. They felt it very specially kind and gracious of her to have come, as only just before starting she received information of the very serious illness of her son, which might well have been sufficient reason for her to have cancelled her engagement.

During the time they were at Hatcham, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy took their holiday generally at Fowey, Cornwall, where he frequently assisted at the services in the Parish Church, occasionally preaching for Canon

Purcell. He helped also with the work at the Sailors' Institute ; in fact, he was always ready and willing to lend a hand when by so doing he could lighten the work of another. There were one or two private friends in the holiday party, who all thoroughly gave themselves to making the most of every opportunity afforded by that tiny village for enjoyments of the seaside. All were very fond of bathing, the ladies using a cove in one part and the gentlemen rowing off a little distance to another. One day one of the party discovered a man on the top of the cliff looking over the cove which the ladies were using. No sooner did Mr. Kennedy hear of it than he scrambled up the cliff in hot pursuit of the offender, who, soon realizing the futility of trying to escape, threw himself on the ground imploring mercy and forgiveness, saying : " Sir, I am the only son of my mother, and she is a widow ! " " Well, then," replied his pursuer, " the only son of his mother will have a good shaking for his ungentlemanly behaviour," thereupon dealing with him after the manner of the proverbial dog and the rat. After that the party received no more unwelcome attentions from the curious.

Twice, on the occasion of taking his holiday, Mr. Kennedy was invited to Hunter's Quay to take Sunday duty at the Episcopal Church ; from which place, on their second visit, Mrs. Kennedy accompanied their hostess and her family on a drive to a certain part where Mr. Kennedy was to join them later, he remaining behind to get some fishing. At three different pools he stopped, with tackle ready and in order, but each time some unaccountable presentiment impelled him to give it up, which he did, making his way directly to the place where he was to join the party. On arriving there he was greatly alarmed and distressed to find he was only just in time to save his wife's life, who was in a state of collapse, choking, in fact, through having accidentally swallowed a whole cherry, which had become fixed in the windpipe. After many attempts he was successful in dislodging it, but not before he was preparing, if really necessary, to adopt most drastic measures. If he could not relieve her somehow she must die, for she was already quite black in the face, no doctor was anywhere available for many miles and the situation was desperate. He then understood why he had not been per-

mitted to indulge in one of his favourite pastimes.

During the time he was at Hatcham Mr. Kennedy received several offers to livings elsewhere, which, however, he did not accept. His work there was of great importance, and so long as he felt able to do it he would not go. As has been said, the parish of St. James' was very large ; there were three churches, with their many and varied organizations to keep going, which required a man of great strength of body as well as of mind ; also, things could not go on satisfactorily without funds, to obtain which they were to a large extent dependent on outside assistance. This was no easy matter and involved a great strain.

After four years of great activity he was attacked very severely with influenza, when the doctors feared a thorough breakdown ; his recovery was slow, and he began to realize his health was seriously giving way under the great pressure of work. It so happened that just about this time he was offered the living of St. John's, Boscombe, which he accepted.

The announcement of his decision from the pulpit to his congregation came as a great and unwelcome surprise, one elderly lady, so far

forgetting herself and her surroundings as to hold up her finger at him, saying, " Oh, you naughty man ! "

He was greatly liked by the men of the neighbourhood for his kind, yet firm and manly way of talking to them, and he was regarded by all classes not only as their Vicar, but as their friend. His farewell sermons were preached on Sunday, January 6th, 1901, to a crowded church, and a large gathering assembled the following Thursday evening to bid good-bye to their beloved Vicar. Many were the expressions of regret that he was leaving them, and high tribute was paid to the work which he had so faithfully done in their midst. His churchwarden, Mr. Smith, said that as soon as they knew their Vicar was leaving, the first thought was that a testimonial should be presented to him ; accordingly a committee was at once formed to receive subscriptions. In the name of the subscribers he asked Mr. Kennedy to accept a Bechstein upright grand piano, expressing the hope that it would afford him many years of pleasure. At the same time Mrs. Kennedy was the recipient of a silver dish for biscuits, cheese, and butter from the " Helper's " Union, a silver toast-



rack from members of the Bible-class, and an eight-day clock from the members of the Mothers' Meeting. As it was the birthday of their daughter she was presented with a silver-mounted umbrella and a volume of Thompson's poems.

Rising to express his heartfelt thanks for these generous gifts, Mr. Kennedy was received with much enthusiasm. He explained that in the course of his life he had passed through various experiences, as they might imagine, but that night had been a novel experience for him, for never before had he had such a public presentation. As much as he valued the gifts, he prized the many kind letters he had received. Short extracts from just two of these might be quoted. One writer says : " I should like to recognize with much thankfulness your great work among the men, who seem so glad to come to the services in great numbers whenever opportunity offers. They have, many of them in my hearing, admired your manly and straightforward way of putting things, and nothing appeals to the average—may I say English—man more than this, to be told home truths in an unflinching fashion, and for the man who tells it to bear

it out in his life, and give proof of consistency by taking his religion into his daily life."

And the other : " St. James' is going to be the poorer and St. John's, Boscombe, the richer for your going. The latter ought to be very grateful to St. James' for giving two such Vicars, and I hope they will sympathize with us by praying that we may have a like-minded successor to those who have left us."

Without exception, all the writers—and they were very numerous—express the greatest regret at losing their beloved Vicar, and testify to the wonderful helpfulness of his sermons, and their great appreciation of his ever-ready help and sympathy.

Mr. Smith had referred to " critics " in his speech, but had gone on to say that the services they had on Sunday afternoon and evening " wiped all critics off the face of the earth." In his reply the Vicar said : " One will always have critics ; I have known that the last twenty years. There is a Scotch motto, which I gave a lady on Sunday night, who asked for advice with regard to a scandal ; let me pass that motto on to you now ; it is : ' They say. What do they say ? Let them say.' " He spoke in glowing terms of the help

of his brother clergy who had worked so loyally with him, and who had that morning presented him with an aneroid barometer. A musical programme, followed by light refreshments, brought the evening to a close, the proceedings terminating with the National Anthem.

In after years he always spoke with much affection for the people of his first parish ; those were happy times among them in spite of the strenuous work, and it was a great pleasure to him to hear that one of his curates, the Rev. Edwin Davis, was afterwards appointed to the Vicariate.

It was a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the Rev. S. A. Selwyn, whom Mr. Kennedy succeeded as Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, had also, before him, been Vicar of St. James', Hatcham.

After having accepted the Boscombe living Mr. Kennedy received a letter from the Bishop, saying that had he not been leaving the neighbourhood, he was to have been invited to accept the Rural Deanery of Greenwich.

## XII

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### *Missions*

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BOTH as Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, and Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, he used to conduct a ten-days' mission in various parts of the country twice a year. The first of these after he was ordained was held at Exeter, where he had a marvellous experience. There were two other Missioners, the Rev. S. A. Selwyn, and Mrs. Hubert Peek, who accompanied him as lady worker. She went with him several times while he was Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, also on one or two occasions after he went to Sherborne. Mr. Selwyn conducted mission services at Mr. Sheldon's Church, Mrs. Peek holding meetings for women and young people, while Mr. Kennedy presided at the overflow meetings besides preaching to men at the Cathedral. The Bishop had invited him to give an address in this fine building, taking as his subject, "Modern Scepticism and Revealed Truth."

The Cathedral was crowded, many of the congregation being atheists and sceptics, and people were standing seven deep all round the aisles.

At the commencement of his address Mr. Kennedy held up to the gaze of his audience a lump of coal, using it to illustrate his point. With it he showed the inconsistency of the faith of those who declare that they will not believe what they cannot prove or understand. He asked what they knew and understood of that one piece of coal, of all the wonders of its production, yet they believed in it sufficiently to make use of it in their homes. So he worked up his theme on those lines, and his sermon made a tremendous impression upon all the congregation. The Bishop was so pleased with the result of that one service that he asked him to conduct a service there daily from 12 to 1 for men only. Mr. Kennedy was very conscious of the enormous responsibility of one who addresses hundreds and hundreds of people ; he was so anxious to give just the right message in the right way, and in a letter referring to that first great service in the Cathedral he said that, before going in, he and the Canons had prayer together in the

Vestry. Of other meetings he wrote : “ I am *expecting* a grand time, for I KNOW great results will follow. I am wonderfully helped, and I know it is *all* of God. One realizes the *deep, deep* need of heavenly strength for this work.” In writing of one of the services, he said : “ Last night was a wonderful service, over 2000 people in church, and a choir of 56 men and boys. Over 1250 remained to the after-meeting—it was a great strain and I feel very tired to-day. Still it is glorious work, and the Mission has been a time of great blessing to many. Pray especially that *I* may receive a blessing ; the danger is so great of a clergyman growing used to his sacred work. Oh, that I may more and more realize *what* ordination really means ! ” He had long days at Exeter, often not getting to bed till midnight or even later than that. On the last evening of the Mission a man wanted to speak with him ; they were both interested to find they were exactly the same height—6 ft. 5 in. This young man said : “ Some years ago, at a Mission service, I decided to accept Christ ; I was deeply impressed by what I had heard, and determined that my first act on the following morning should be to tell my sister about

it. When I went downstairs and told her she laughed right out at me, and from that time I have given it all up." After further conversation and prayer Mr. Kennedy had good reason to believe the wandering backslider was restored, and that, trusting in the keeping power of his Saviour, he was able to face ridicule and to remain true to his Lord. It was at this Exeter Mission that Mr. Kennedy finally and fully decided to give up all thought of a college course. Although the Archbishop did not advise his entering college before ordination, yet he fully intended doing so as soon as opportunity offered. But now such a marvellous passion for winning souls possessed him, that he could not bring his mind to giving up three years' evangelistic work for the sake of a University degree. Talking it over one night after service, he told his companions what he had intended doing, but that the results of this Mission had caused him to alter his mind. Their reply was, "Why, Kennedy, you've got more in your brain than us three put together" (they were all M.A.'s). Mr. Kennedy left the night before Mr. Selwyn and Mrs. Peek, and the coachman who drove him to the station said, "Sir, if you was to

stay here another week all Exeter would be converted." Large crowds of people congregated at the station to bid good-bye to the Missioners the next morning, when they all joined in singing the Doxology, and over and over again gave evidence of the great blessing the Mission had brought. This particular Mission has been dealt with at some length because it was such a wonderful time. After his return home, Mr. Kennedy received the following letter from the Canon :

THE CLOSE, EXETER,  
*February 11th, 1896.*

MY DEAR KENNEDY,

I cannot allow this time to pass without offering my deepest thanks to you for all you have done for the Church in Exeter, and for the help your earnest words have been to me. May I ask to be allowed to send the enclosed as a slight token of my regard.

Believe me,

Yours ever gratefully,

C. J. ATHERTON.

Mr. Kennedy held two of the City Lecture-ships—St. Mildred's, Bride Street, and St.



Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, which he continued to hold until after his first year at Boscombe, when he found the distance too great.

After his preaching at St. Mary-le-Bow he received several letters from an individual who did not agree with his statements, at the same time broadly expounding his own views. One day he asked Mr. Kennedy to meet him by appointment, to which he readily assented. On the way he tried to picture his unknown correspondent, imagining him to be an elderly and somewhat self-opinionated man. Great was his surprise to find him quite young, he was a believer in the doctrine of the Plymouth Brethren, a most intelligent and interesting companion. They had several subsequent interviews, the outcome of which was that the young man became enlightened on the points which had troubled him, he was converted to the teaching of the Church of England, desiring to enter the ministry. Besides giving him spiritual help, Mr. Kennedy was able, through the kindness of friends whom he interested in the case, to provide the necessary funds to meet the expenses of a College course, with the result that he is now an earnest hard-working Vicar.

There were four other young men who owe their College learning to Mr. Kennedy's interested efforts in raising the money for their training ; one of them, since dead, did good work in New Zealand, while the other three are energetic workers in their respective parishes in England.

Several times he went to address the undergraduates at Cambridge University at the C.I.-C.C.U. (Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union) ; they are difficult men to interest and hold, but, with Sir Arthur Blackwood, Mr. Kennedy shared the premier place as a successful evangelist to a class of men by no means easy to reach. Before Sir Arthur had received his title, Mr. Kennedy had stayed a few days with him after addressing a gathering at Crayford.

While Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, he conducted a week of Lenten Services at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was also preaching on the Sunday evening at the time of the declaration of peace after the South African War. The welcome news had been received only that morning, and though he knew of it, and greatly longed to pass it on, he refrained from any allusion to it whatever, so that the

pleasure of making the announcement might fall to the Dean himself. This led to much comment in the newspapers the next morning, which criticized him as unpatriotic for withholding any reference to a subject of such enormous importance, while they did not give him the credit of courtesy towards his superior which was the one and only motive preventing him from giving the information he would have been only too delighted to announce.

On one occasion he was asked to address the boys at Eton. All went well until, after offering a short prayer prior to commencing his sermon, he took a good look at his congregation. To his amazement he saw the young Etonian gentlemen, one after another, snuggling himself in his seat, or carefully fitting himself comfortably in the corner of the pew, arms crossed, with closing eyes, deliberately preparing for a nice snooze during the sermon ! In a moment the preacher was alive to the situation, and he clapped his hands with such a terrific clap that the effect was perfectly electrical ; the boys, so thoroughly taken by surprise, jumped as if they had been shot, all were immediately on the *qui vive*, wondering whatever had hap-

pened and what would happen next. When they had pulled themselves together, "Now then," said the preacher, "will you please listen to me and pay attention to what I have to say ; I've not come here to speak to a lot of boys going to sleep." Needless to say they found no difficulty in keeping awake after that, and they certainly listened most attentively. By special desire of the boys he went there a second time.

By invitation of Canon Lyttleton he went to preach at Hailybury ; he had a splendid time there with the boys, and in a letter received afterwards he was gratified and thankful to hear that one of the masters had remarked that the attitude in Common Room had almost completely changed through the sermon in Chapel.

In 1889 Mr. Kennedy conducted a most successful Mission at Huddersfield, although considerable inconvenience was caused by the deep snow which covered the ground. In one of his letters home he wrote : " Fifteen inches of snow in some places, it snowed all day yesterday and through the night. Last night I had a service for Sunday-school teachers, and in a regular blizzard there were over 250

present ; some had walked half-way up to their knees in snow for over three miles ; there's grit for you ! ” Speaking of one of the Sunday services he said : “ Last night, notwithstanding the snow there were over 1200 people in church.” Towards the end of the Mission he wrote : “ I had a grand time yesterday. Last night there were nearly 1500 people in church, and that a week-night, too ! The work is most real, and there have been some wonderfully interesting cases of conversion. On all sides we are hearing of the real work God is doing, especially among the upper-class people. The weather has changed disagreeably (cold and wet), yet we had the biggest congregation of the week yesterday.”

The following is a short account of missions held at Tiverton (St. George's) and at Brixton Hill (St. Saviour's) given by a clergyman who worked with Mr. Kennedy at those places. He says of the former : “ Mr. Kennedy took the adults and I the children's mission. We had a really wonderful time there, everyone entered heart and soul into the work, and both morning and evening large numbers came to hear the message so faithfully given, and many had personal interviews with him.

To me it was a great help, and was one of the turning points in my ministerial life, for it altered the whole method of my preaching."

Referring to St. Saviour's, Brixton Hill, he writes : " Here we had every encouragement ; the services well attended and the results good. It was always difficult to get Mr. Kennedy to tell us of results as he alone could from personal interviews ; he always regarded these as sacred and generally only said he had had ' a good time ' when asked. But this was characteristic, and very often one only heard long afterwards, when talking over with him our experiences together, the striking results which he had had. It was always a joy to work with him for he carried you along with his enthusiasm and keenness for souls, and he got your very best out of you. His loving nature won everyone, and I never heard him say one unkind or ill-natured thing of anyone. To me he was a very dear friend, and I personally owe so much to him that his memory will always be a cherished one—full of sacred associations in the Master's work."

### XIII

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#### *Missions (continued)*

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WHEN possible, Mr. Kennedy always preferred having a lady worker with him on his Missions, one who could hold services for women and young people, also be able to give spiritual help or advice to her own sex, leaving him free to deal with the men or any very specially difficult case. Shortly after becoming Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, he was mostly able to have the assistance of Mrs. Hubert Peek. Every morning, when on a Mission, directly after breakfast she would go to see him (unless they both were being entertained at the same house), and together they would arrange their work for the day. No detail was overlooked, and *every part* of it, even the choice of the hymns, was made a matter of prayer for Divine guidance and blessing. With that preparation it was no wonder their services were so helpful and so abundantly owned of God. After the first

time or two they agreed that it would be better to abolish the "after meetings" and "enquiry-rooms" at their Missions. Mr. Kennedy recognized how possible it was for people to be, perhaps, worked up and deeply impressed by what they had heard, then, without due consideration, on the spur of the moment of excitement they would profess conversion. Accordingly, he would always announce that if any of the congregation desired to see the Missioners, they would find them in the church each afternoon for an hour (generally from 4 till 5 o'clock), when they would be pleased and ready to give spiritual help or advice. They drew up little leaflet cards of decision which were given to anyone who asked for one, while any who had received definite blessing from the Mission, and desired to have a memorial card of the occasion, were invited to send in their names. Then at the close of the Mission these cards were distributed, each name being read out, the person coming forward to receive the card. This was found a great improvement on the old way of enquiry-rooms, it giving people time and opportunity to go home and think out the whole matter prayerfully and



quietly, then, if in the same mind, they could go the next day for further help if they desired it.

At one Mission in a North-country town, the daughter of the Vicar, in whose house Mr. Kennedy was staying, was a very worldly girl ; being very pretty, she had many admirers among the opposite sex, and altogether she lived a life thoroughly given over to pleasure and amusement. Before the Mission closed she was led to give her heart to the Saviour and was not ashamed her friends should know the blessed change which had taken place. Among her acquaintances were many sportsmen, who on that last evening, knowing she had applied for a memorial card of the Mission, attended the service, sitting in their hunting dress (one even having brought his dog) to see her go up the Church to receive the card at the hands of the Missioner. It was during that same Mission that one day Mrs. Peek went to see a dear little old lady who had greatly enjoyed the services. In the room where the interview took place there was a very fine specimen of a grandfather's clock with a handsome face ; the old lady drew Mrs. Peek's attention to it, saying, " Ah, I

shall never look at that beautiful face without thinking of him " (Mr. Kennedy). The clock, like the Missioner, was very tall, reaching nearly to the top of the low-ceilinged room, which compelled her to look up very considerably.

After a Mission held at Christ Church, Beckenham, where much blessing had followed the services, on retiring to their respective rooms the last night, Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Peek each found a beautiful little statue of Thorwalden's wonderful masterpiece of the Christ with extended arms, " Come unto Me." These were gifts in grateful acknowledgment of help received during the Mission.

A ten-days' Mission had been arranged for Hull, but just at the last Mrs. Peek was unable to go in consequence of family bereavement. This meant considerably extra work for Mr. Kennedy, as he did his best not to allow the meetings which she would have conducted to be cancelled more than was absolutely necessary. The people of Hull had not forgotten the splendid Mission services held there by him in the large Hengler's Circus some years previously, in connection with the Y.M.C.A., neither was the name of E. J. Kennedy for-

gotten at Bridlington in the days of the sand services, many people coming over from there to attend this Mission at Hull. These two facts alone ensured large congregations at the services.

He had an unpleasant experience on the journey. Having selected his seat in a railway compartment at King's Cross, he placed his suit-case and handbag thereon while he went to buy a newspaper. Returning to his carriage he met a friend, with whom he was conversing when a porter came up to him, saying, "Did I see you put some luggage into that carriage, sir?" "Yes," replied Mr. Kennedy. "Well, then," said the porter, "that man making off there has just fetched those things out of it; you'd better see if they're yours." To his dismay he found they were his, but it wanted only a few minutes before the train would start, so he could not give chase, but asked the porter to follow the man up. The porter insisted that Mr. Kennedy must stop behind to identify the things, and seemed most surprised and hardly able to believe it when he told him he was due at Hull to conduct service that same evening, and nothing could prevent his going on by that train, which

was the only one to get him there in time. Giving the porter his address, he boarded the train, and so commenced his Mission at Hull without personal luggage or Bible, notes, tracts, and a hundred and one other necessities for his work. He said he felt something like being put into short clothes as he entered the chancel of the Church the next morning (Sunday). The Vicar had rigged him out with cassock and surplice neither of which reached much below his knees ! In the course of a few days, after a considerable amount of correspondence with Scotland Yard, the authorities allowed him to have his Bible and sermon notes, etc., also his shaving tackle and toilet requisites, saying he must return to London to identify the other things before they could be handed over to him. The thief had been followed out of the station and to his destination, where he was charged and arrested. This little escapade resulted in twelve months' imprisonment, he having been found guilty of similar thefts on other occasions.

Mr. Kennedy had a very good Mission, notwithstanding deep snow which necessitated some alterations in his programme. He wrote home : " The work is growing apace : the

business men's services are grand, so many attending and showing wonderful interest. Last night we had fully 600 present and definite work was done." His days were well occupied, as the following will show : " My day's work to-day is :—

- 12. Prayer Meeting.
- 12.30. Service for Men.
- 1.30. Business House Address.
- 2. Luncheon at friend's.
- 3.15. Service in Church.
- 4.30. Tea at friend's.
- 5.30. In Church (enquirers).
- 6.45. Dinner.
- 8. Service in Church."

In the course of his Mission work it was only to be expected that he would have many curious experiences, and come across some extraordinary people. At one place he was conversing with a man who was quite satisfied with himself ; he was in a good position and thoroughly enjoyed life and all it had to offer ; he did not think there was the least need to concern himself about the future, nor to trouble in the least about matters referring to his soul. Mr. Kennedy spoke to him of the

parable of the rich man who built greater barns wherein to bestow his goods, encouraging himself to take no thought beyond his present enjoyment ; but God said unto him, “ *Thou fool*, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.” Although professing to care nothing for spiritual things, yet this man’s interest and curiosity in the Missioner caused him to attend the evening service the following day. In the course of his sermon Mr. Kennedy made reference to the interview and what he had said to the man. At the close of the service the man, feeling very irate, went up to one of the Mission workers, saying, “ I’m going to summons the Missioner ! ” “ What for ? ” asked the astonished worker. “ Why, because he’s called me a fool ! ” “ Oh, that’s it, is it ? Well, if I were you I shouldn’t do anything of the kind. You see, the Missioner knows you’re a fool, and you know you’re a fool ; I know you’re a fool, and if you take out a summons against the Missioner everyone in the town will know you’re a fool ! ”

In 1898 Mr. Kennedy held a Mission at St. Mary’s, Kilburn, the church of his former Vicar, when he had one of his curates, the Rev. C. E. Wilson, assisting him. In writing

of this time, Mr. Wilson, in a letter to Mrs. Kennedy, says : “ I was entrusted with the services for children and women ; and the ever-dear and only Vicar had the general Mission services, and, of course, the men. That is nearly twenty years ago—but I remember his telling appeals, the large congregations, the many enquirers, and the splendid results. He was cut out for Mission work. I well remember early in that year the Bishop of Rochester—Dr. Talbot—had asked the Vicar to take a course of sermons one week in Lent at St. Saviour’s Cathedral, Southwark. My ever-dear old Vicar asked if I might be invited instead. He loved to push his men on regardless of himself—what wonder we all loved him ! The Bishop said “ Yes,” and I was a Cathedral Lenten preacher thus early in my career—for the first and last time.”

At one of his Missions a young man came to Mr. Kennedy as an anxious and sincere enquirer, and before they parted made a very definite decision to accept Christ. He wanted the Missioner’s advice and help as to how to act, so Mr. Kennedy told him, “ The first thing for you to do to-morrow is to tell and

show your companions what has taken place to-night." The next morning, on entering the office where the young man was employed, " Well, what's the best bit of news to-day ? " asked his fellow-clerks ; he was known to always be in possession of the latest tit-bit of scandal or excitement. " The best bit of news to-day," said the brave young fellow, " is that I have found Jesus Christ and acknowledge Him my Saviour." The men already at their desks were quite dumbfounded, the news was so unlike what they expected that words seemed entirely to fail them, and without further comment the work of the day began. Although he had so splendidly spoken out yet the young Christian felt very uncomfortable all day, not being able to rid himself of that fatal fear of what his friends would think of him, and it was with considerable relief, when closing time came, that he found all his companions left without throwing remarks of ridicule at him. No one was with him in the office but the boy whose duty it was to tidy up after the clerks had gone. " Please, sir," timidly began the youngster, " I heard you say this morning something about Jesus Christ being your Saviour ; would you tell me about



Him ? ” One can easily imagine how the young clerk’s face glowed with delight as he lovingly told of the love of Christ and His willingness and power to save to the uttermost *all* who come to Him. In the quiet of that office the two knelt in prayer, with the result that on the first day of Christian pilgrimage that soul won another for his Master.

At All Souls’, Eastbourne, Mr. Kennedy had a splendid time when conducting a Mission. On Sunday afternoon he had a service for men only, attended by about 500, including several clergymen, a Nonconformist minister, and several professional men. His subject was “ A Man’s Religion,” of which he said : “ The origin of religion is lost in a far, far away mist ; but I would remind you that religious systems do not create religious natures . . . there is something within you and within myself which leans out towards God. I am perfectly well aware that there are men to whom you may point, who are living now, or who have lived, whose lives are remarkable in their sterling morality, although they are professedly unbelievers ; but I claim that these men are the product of Christianity. I may have in my room at home a rose ; it is

in a specimen glass on the drawing-room table. Do you mean to tell me that that rose has been grown in that glass ? No ! it has been cut off the tree. It has been placed in the glass in an unnatural position, and, what is more, it will die there ; it will not reproduce other roses there. There are men, who, by reason of the inconsistency of some Christians, by reason of some mental or moral twist in their natures, have kicked over the ladder by which they have mounted. While they stand before the world as exemplars of Christian grace they professedly deny the Author of that grace. The religion of Jesus Christ is a replenishing religion ; it is good for time, it is good for eternity ; it is good for life, it is good for death. Oh, do not, I beseech you, run away with the idea that religion is only for dying people. The other day there was a young girl in my parish dying. I went to the house, and the relatives said, “ You cannot see her.” I said “ Why not ? ” “ If you see her she will think she is going to die.” It struck me as one of the most awful things I had heard for a long time ; that the religion of Jesus Christ is regarded by men and women as only necessary when the poor soul is going out of the

body. Is not Jesus Christ in all the glory of His being something so majestic, so beautiful, so inspiring, that young men want Christ within them in the midst of their lives as well as old men ? The religion of Jesus Christ will help a man to live straight now, and will help a man to die with a strong confidence in his God. That is the religion which I commend to your consideration."

Mr. Kennedy conducted a very happy Mission at Lowestoft. He refers to having large congregations, while at the Sunday afternoon Men's Service he says : " I had over 400 men and the most wonderful heart-searching time I've ever had at a men's meeting ; I gave away fully 100 cards " (of decision).

In 1902 he spent some delightful days at Farnham Castle with Dr. and Mrs. Talbot, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice with her family also staying there. This was his first meeting with Prince Maurice of Battenberg, whom he describes as such a bright, natural English boy. Twelve years later, when in France, it fell to his sad duty to bury the gallant young prince on the battlefield. It was on the occasion of this visit to Farnham that Mr. Kennedy asked

the Princess if she would honour Boscombe by coming to dedicate the new East Window at St. John's Church. He was very charmed with all he saw at Farnham and the great kindness which was extended to him by the Bishop and his wife. He conducted a Men's Service on Sunday afternoon in the Corn Hall, which was packed with a most appreciative audience, and for which he was cordially thanked by the Bishop.

The places already named do not by any means include nearly all those where Mr. Kennedy conducted Mission Services ; they have been selected as just a few of the more important, or generally interesting ones, giving some idea of the work as a whole. He had a very happy Mission at his son-in-law's church at Watford, the outcome of which was the addition of several earnest workers to the church. It was very unusual for him to have the company of all his own family during a Mission, but on this occasion Mrs. Kennedy went also to Watford, where together they stayed at the Vicarage with their daughter and family—a great mutual pleasure.

On several occasions Mr. Kennedy ad-

addressed the members of the Prudential Prayer Union at the St. Giles' Christian Mission, some of these addresses being published at the expense of the Mission.

## XIV

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### *Mission Work in Canada*

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AT the invitation of a deputation from Canada in quest of a clergyman who would undertake parochial Missions in some of the larger cities there, Mr. Kennedy consented to go, and left home accordingly on September 23rd, 1908, for Canada via Southampton, by the White Star liner "Adriatic." On Sunday morning a service was held on board, the preacher being a high dignitary of the Church of England who was among the passengers. There was nothing of the kind arranged for later in the day, so Mr. Kennedy asked and obtained permission to conduct a short service during the afternoon. It was well attended, his message being listened to with deep interest, and afterwards many of the audience asked for private interviews. One man said he had never before had the Gospel so plainly put, and it had given him an entirely new idea of the simple plan

of salvation. As recently as last year Mrs. Kennedy received a letter from one of the passengers on that journey, testifying to the great help and blessing she had received from Mr. Kennedy's address on board the "Adriatic."

At Toronto, after conducting Quiet Days for the graduates and students of Wycliffe College, he held two important Missions, one at the Church of the Redeemer, and the other at St. Anne's, a large new church in the west end of the city.

During the afternoon of the first day after his arrival, he was walking along the street when a man jumped off a tramcar, exclaiming: "It must be Mr. Kennedy"; the speaker was one of the workers at Exeter Hall, London.

In his diary of the Mission, on October 10th (Saturday), he wrote: "Thank God I begin my Mission work to-day, and now have a continuous stream of 'soul saving' work until I leave for home. Last evening there was a very good meeting at 8 for reception and prayer. Oh, for a great 'infilling' to meet the vast need of this work!" Services on Sunday were very encouraging, being well

attended with marked interest. After the morning service a man went into the vestry to speak to Mr. Kennedy ; he was one of his own late choirmen, having left St. John's about two and a half years previously. His delight at meeting his old Vicar again was very great, and the diary relates : " He almost broke down with joy at seeing a bit of Boscombe." Services for men at St. James' Cathedral, 12.30 to 12.50 daily, were arranged by the Rector, about 300 or rather more men being present on the first day. Mr. Kennedy was very pleased at the number, and says of it, " Three hundred is good for a first venture by an unknown man such as I am." The attendance at these short midday meetings increased wonderfully, while not a single notice or advertisement of any kind about them was printed.

One of his experiences was rather exciting. He was going to spend a day and night at the lovely home of a lady who had inherited a large estate from her father. She sent her groom with a buggy to meet her visitor, whose train arrived about 6 p.m. The account of the drive will best be given in his own words. " I was met by a buggy and a horse



which was all over the place, fresh as paint. No sooner did we drive off into the darkness than I discovered the groom was drunk—could hardly keep his seat. I am not a nervous man, but I never felt in such a blue funk in my life. After running up banks and nearly upsetting, and cutting most alarming corners, I seized the reins and gave the beggar a bit of my mind. He was sober enough to recollect the road, but I had my hands full. The horse was grand to drive, but it was so dark, and they drive on the off-side here which complicated matters. However, we reached the Park all right. The groom begged me not to mention the matter to his mistress, and I promised on condition that he would see me to-morrow and swear off liquor.” The next day the groom was very penitent, stating he had been an abstainer for two years and a half, but was induced to take some Kentucky whisky by some men who had brought in a lot of horses which his mistress had purchased. She took Mr. Kennedy to see her stables, where she had no fewer than 130 magnificent animals.

The Mission at St. Anne’s Church was also most cheering ; the building holds 2500, and

on the first Sunday morning there was not a vacant seat, while in the evening (6.30) hundreds of people were turned away. During the week the various services were also well attended, and many evidences of help and blessing were manifest. The following Sunday evening the Missioner took an overflow service in the old church, which is just by the new one, returning at 7.35, to preach in the new building. He had some most interesting cases which he was able to help, rejoicing at the great opportunity.

While in Toronto he went to address the girls at Havergal College, the premier girls' school in Canada, having about 400 pupils. He also paid a visit to Trinity College, the "High Church" theological college of Canada, which did not possess so many divinity students as Wycliffe. He says: "I am more and more struck by the great part Wycliffe is playing in Canadian ecclesiastical life. It is the key of future Church work over here, and deserves to be well supported by those at home."

The next Mission was in Montreal, where he had splendid services at St. Martin's. He met several people he knew during the few

days in that city ; after the first Men's Service (which the Rector said was the best attended they had ever had) four men remained to shake hands with him, while at the close of the evening service he was accosted by a man from Boscombe, a nurse who had formerly been at Boscombe Hospital, a young fellow from Hatcham, and another young man known to him. Many acquaintances made during his last visit in 1885, when accompanied by Mrs. Kennedy, were renewed, and much pleasant social intercourse with them enjoyed.

One afternoon, while he was resting on the sofa after luncheon, having had the usual busy morning, a visitor was announced—one of his brothers-in-law. They had not met for over thirteen years, and were very pleased with this opportunity of a chat. Mr. Kennedy was obliged to leave him soon after his arrival, to take his afternoon meeting, so they arranged to meet the next morning, when they could have a little quiet time together. That afternoon service was the fullest he had had there, and it was a time of deep heart-searching with many ; one case of a young sporting fellow who had attended two former afternoon

meetings, and whom he was able to help, interesting the Missioner greatly. On his last Sunday in Montreal he had splendid gatherings. The church was full at the morning service, nearly full of men in the afternoon, when they had a very solemn time (Mr. Kennedy assisted at the Holy Communion afterwards), and at the evening service the church was crammed. He says : " I had great difficulty in thinning the congregation down to the individual dealing. I had some very interesting cases and gave away a large number of cards."

In deep snow, Mr. Kennedy left Montreal the following morning for Halifax, Nova Scotia, the scene of his next Mission. Before that began he went for two days to conduct special services at Lunenburg ; the journey was tedious, occupying three and a half hours to cover little more than seventy miles. Not only was the journey slow, but made doubly uncomfortable by the undesirable fellow-travellers, who evidently considered spitting to be one of the great pleasures and privileges of life. Mr. Kennedy seems to have had his time and attention well occupied with the difficulty of keeping his boots free of the pro-

miscuous shots ! Lunenburg at that time had about 5000 inhabitants, and was a big cod-fishing centre. On his arrival at the Rectory he went at once to have a rest, being very tired after his journey from Montreal, which had taken from midday Monday to 8.30 on Wednesday morning. He slept soundly from ten o'clock to a quarter to twelve, when he had to prepare for his first service (men) at 12.30. That evening, though it was very wet, he had a good attendance of some 400 to 500 people, and the next evening, notwithstanding soaking rain, fully 900 were present, and he said it was "a most solemn, searching time." One of the wealthiest men in Nova Scotia spoke to Mr. Kennedy afterwards, making an appointment to see him the next morning. Accordingly about 10 o'clock he came to the Rectory for the interview. He was deeply in earnest, and very brightly and intelligently gave himself to the Lord. Before leaving he said to Mr. Kennedy, "Where is the Rector, I should like to tell him, and I wish he had led me to *this*." The Rector was called and overjoyed at the news. That morning at the 12.30 service the diary reports : "A crowd of men came ; I spoke on 'Decision.' At 3.30

the church was more than half full, and we had a most solemn service for the last. I wish I could have remained for a week, for the whole place is stirred. The Rector has decided to carry on the services, and also to start a weekly prayer-meeting." There is very special interest attaching to these few days at Lunenburg, because they were not included in the original programme. After Montreal, Mr. Kennedy had intended to rest for the three days before beginning his work at the historic old church of St. Paul's, Halifax, but he had such a very pressing invitation from the Rector of Lunenburg to go there and hold some services that he felt it to be a direct call from God. In that spirit he put aside his own pleasure and made the journey which had such glorious and blessed results. He realized that God had chosen him to be the one to lead that soul—and many others—to complete surrender, and he had joyfully obeyed the call.

The Mission at Halifax was a wonderful one, drawing huge crowds of genuinely interested and earnest hearers. The Rectory was about a mile and a half from the church, so a fair amount of walking was entailed by the

three daily journeys to and from the services. The church seats over 2000 and has galleries on either side. The Rector arranged a midday half-hour service for men, which he said they had tried before, but it had failed ; so when over 100 men turned up on the first day it was an encouraging beginning. At Halifax the Mission was well advertised by the Press, which aroused much interest in the Missioner, as well as his work, and large congregations assembled to hear the " English Clergyman " about whom they read so much, thus bringing many within sound of the Gospel. Mr. Kennedy said he had the best services (numerically) there than he had had before anywhere. The whole place seemed awakened to the point of interest. He wrote in his diary : " The 8 o'clock service was very fine, and I felt greatly *helped*. In fact, a noticeable feature of this Mission is one's conscious realization of God's presence." In writing of one of the services towards the end of the Mission, he said : " The 8 o'clock service last night was grand ; I asked those who had received blessing to stand, and scores rose all over the church, a most glorious sight. One girl spoken to, said she had taken her first step to

God last night by going home and telling her mother she was sorry she had been so 'hard,' and felt she could now yield to God."

One of the curates told Mr. Kennedy a good definition of repentance ; a man said it was "a heart broken because of sin." "No," said another, "it is a heart broken *from* sin."

The following entry is for the close of the Mission :

"Sunday, November 29th. My last day's work on this side, and such a glorious day. The morning service was very good ; the 4 p.m. for men was grand, with such splendid attention. The 7 p.m. service was crammed, large numbers being unable to gain admission. We had a very solemn time, and it was ten o'clock before I got back."

"I felt very touched as I closed my last day's work and gave it *all* into God's hands ; for I realize the great shortcomings in my service, and yet I believe I have tried to give *Him* my best."

At the close of the diary, on his safe return to Boscombe, he wrote : "It is so good to be *home* once more, and my heart is full of praise. Gratitude is hardly the word which expresses my feelings of thankfulness at returning home



from my long trip and blessed privilege. ' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not *all* His benefits.' "

Mr. Kennedy's Mission work was entirely voluntary ; beyond expenses being paid he received no remuneration whatever, and if, at the close of a Mission, as was often the case, the people gave a " thank-offering " to him, he always allocated it to some parochial object. He never encouraged correspondence with his converts ; he did not wish them to lean on him in any way, nor to feel that they could be at all influenced by him. His chief desire was that after conversion the Missioner should be entirely forgotten, while the message became more and more real ; he wanted his converts to join a place of worship, to whichever they felt most led, then to put in their very best for their Vicar or minister, and any work of a Christian character they might choose to take up. He loved to tell of the Italian monk whose duty it was to conduct visitors to the Cathedral to a wonderful painting of the Christ. When the place was reached the monk would draw aside the curtain for the visitors to enter, he himself going back, leaving them alone before the beautiful picture.

Then, in his rich, clear voice Mr. Kennedy would say : “ Brethren, I am only as that monk ; I have tried to lead you to Christ, I have drawn aside the veil, and now I wish to withdraw *myself* and leave you *alone* face to face with *Him*.”

## XV

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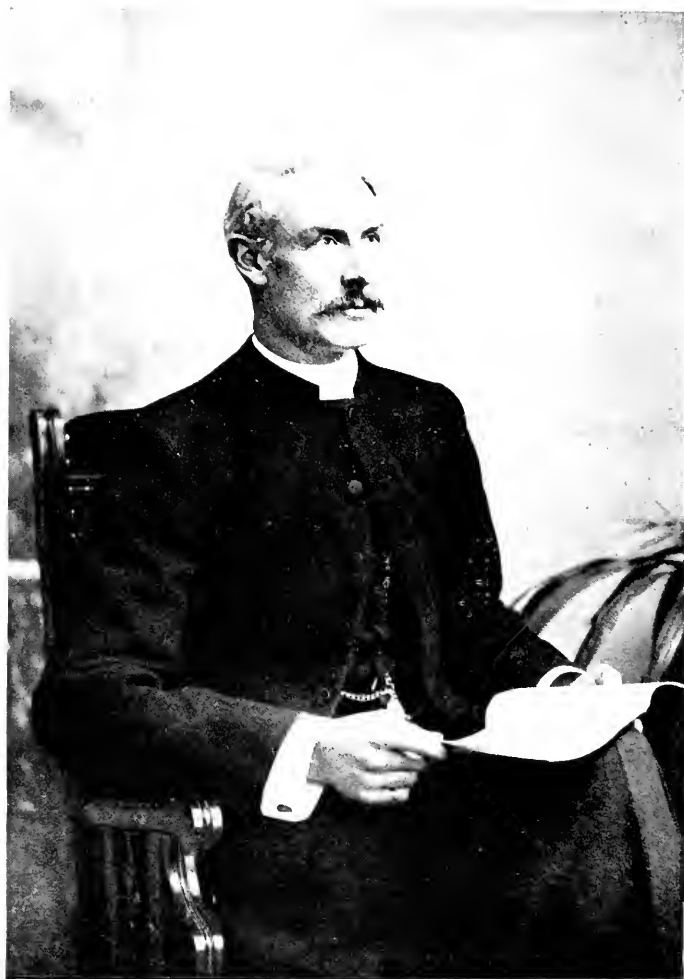
### *Work at St. John's, Boscombe*

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THE Rev. E. J. Kennedy was inducted to the living of St. John's, Boscombe, on Saturday, January 19th, 1901, the Rev. Canon Eliot, Rural Dean, conducting the service ; at the conclusion, before pronouncing the blessing, the newly inducted Vicar asked the congregation to engage in silent prayer for the Queen, who was lying very seriously ill. Mr. Kennedy was no stranger to the people of St. John's, having preached to them before at the invitation of their former Vicar, the Rev. S. A. Selwyn. On his appointment to the living he received many kind letters of welcome from the clergy of the diocese. Writing from Southampton, one says : " I am writing to say *how* delighted I am that you have accepted St. John's, Boscombe, and are coming down this way. Do accept my best wishes for every blessing and happiness there. I have a big parish here,

and welcome an out-and-out Evangelical like yourself to this neighbourhood *with all my heart.*”

The morning following his induction the new Vicar read himself in, in the evening preaching his first sermon to a crowded congregation. The next Sunday morning he had a Memorial Service for the late Queen Victoria whose death had occurred during the week. He preached from the text “Her children shall arise up and call her blessed.” He said in the course of his sermon, “Blessed she was from her earliest years by a knowledge of God, by a fervent love to her Saviour, by the warm affection of husband, children, relatives, and friends, by the respect of every crowned head in the world, and by the love of her people. We have closed the Victorian era. Gazing back through history we look upon many periods fraught with riches to the world. Surveying the progress of the country during sixty-four years of her late Majesty’s reign we realize that the curtain has fallen upon the most wonderful age of the world’s history. In every branch of national life, in each department of social and natural science, an unprecedented progress has been effected under



*Photo: G. H. Stanford, Boscombe.]*

REV. E. J. KENNEDY

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the ægis of our late beloved sovereign, so that 'her children arise up and call her blessed.' "

The annual parochial tea for the parish of St. John's was made an occasion of welcome to the new Vicar. The Parish Hall, which accommodates about 700 people, was crowded both at the tea and the subsequent meeting. A varied and excellent musical programme was gone through, many items receiving well-deserved encores. The Vicar and Mrs. Kennedy were most enthusiastically received, the Churchwardens, Mr. D. W. Preston and Dr. Saul, and the senior curate, the Rev. F. W. Cobb, being spokesmen for the gathering. Dr. Saul, foreshadowing what they might do in the future, said that considering they were entering on a new century, with a new king, and a new Vicar, he thought a grand effort might be made to celebrate the unique circumstances. He suggested that a new case might be given to the magnificent organ in the church, which at that time was in a somewhat miserably ill-clad condition. He offered the "right hand of fellowship," which the Vicar heartily grasped and shook in acknowledgment of the welcome. In responding, the Vicar made a most happy speech and caused a hearty

laugh by reminding his new parishioners that he could not smile like Mr. Selwyn. He was afraid he was still following in the trail of that smile, and it was not the first place he had followed it to. Although conscious of not possessing Mr. Selwyn's smile, that was no proof of deficiency in that respect, for his own smile had often been found equally attractive. Here is one case in point : after his death Mrs. Kennedy received a letter from a lady who had been a worker with the troops in France, and related how, on one occasion she was trying to persuade a troubled Tommy to confide in a *padré*, but he was unwilling. She directed him to Mr. Kennedy, who was approaching, when the man instantly replied, " Oh, yes, I'll go to him, he's got such a nice kind smile."

No further reference was made at the meeting to the organ suggestion, but later on that was one of the many objects for which the Vicar invited subscriptions, with the result that it is now complete in a handsome oak casing.

Before Mr. Kennedy had been long in Boscombe he was initiated into Freemasonry as a member of the Boscombe Lodge, No. 2158, on the 28th of March, 1901. He became



Chaplain of the Lodge, then J.W. in 1905, S.W. in 1906, and Master in 1907. He was Provincial Grand Chaplain for the Province of Hants and Isle of Wight for the years 1903 and 1910. He was also a member of the Royal Arch Chapter, No. 195, Bournemouth, and the Vigne Chapter Rose Croix, No. 25, Bournemouth.

Upon the occasion of the visit of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hants and Isle of Wight to Bournemouth in 1904, he preached the sermon at a service held at St. Stephen's Church. Also prior to the consecration of the new Lodge of Rowena, No. 3180, on August 29th, 1906, a service was held at St. John's Church, Boscombe, at which the sermon was preached by him.

On the third Sunday in February, just about four weeks after entering upon his new work, the Vicar instituted a Men's Monthly Service. These services were immensely popular, the large church, holding 1170 people, being well filled. There was generally a soloist, either vocal or instrumental, taking part in the service, two or three voluntaries were played by the organist, and the collection was always divided between the Boscombe

Hospital and the Surgical Aid Society. At that time it was rather a new movement, there being only one similar service elsewhere in the town ; men used to flock to St. John's month by month, making no difficulty of the long distance, though at that time there were no local Sunday trams. A number of men in outlying villages used to charter a wagonette and drive in each month to the service. The subject one Sunday afternoon was " Betting and Gambling " ; the church was crowded, and the special feature of the musical part of the service was two solos by a gentleman vocalist. The following are extracts from a report which appeared in the local Press : " In introducing his subject, the Vicar said it was one which could not fail to be of interest, seeing that betting and gambling seemed to pervade and honeycomb the whole of our national life in a very remarkable way. It seemed to spread over the country and over other countries, but especially over Great Britain and Ireland, like a deadly upas tree, blighting everything that it overshadowed, and eating like a canker into the very heart of our manhood, and, as one who was a firm believer in the manhood of his

country, he deprecated anything that tended to destroy its vitality or usefulness. As a man of the world, he knew the evil power of gambling in our national life ; he knew it in a way that probably few men in that church knew it, and therefore he could speak from actual observations. When once an evil of that character became rooted into the very life of society it was not an easy thing to destroy it. Surely it was as harmful for my Lord Tomnoddy to bet at the Jockey Club or at Tattersall's as it was wrong for a boy to play pitch-and-toss upon a dust-heap outside the borders of the town. A man who betted in a public-house was fair game for anyone, but a wealthy man could so immure himself that it was impossible for the police to touch him. The Vicar contended that gambling was wrong in principle, and not in its abuse only. He held that it was as wrong in principle to play penny point whist at a tea-party as it was to play baccarat in high places. Gambling had its existence in covetousness ; it was established by selfishness, and it rendered a man unfit for the lawful business of life. He had been a layman during the greater part of his life, therefore

he asked his congregation to realize that he was standing before them not so much as a cleric as a man of the world. One of the worst things that could happen to a youngster was to get the odds on a horse that won, and to find that by risking a sovereign he could get £10 for nothing. Gambling was the precursor of dishonesty in a multitude of cases. The governor of Dartmoor Prison once said to him, 'A large proportion of those who are here under my custody as convicts are here because they have fallen under the evil of gambling.' Gambling gave no equivalent to the loser, and, above all, it damaged a man's reputation. No prudent man, for instance, would appoint a gambling or a betting man as a trustee of his money for the benefit of his widow and orphans. Brief reference was made to gambling in business life, and towards the close of his address the Vicar said the one panacea to it all was Christ. He knew it was the fashion among some men to decry religion, and to laugh at it as 'goody-goody,' and so on, but if they had followed out the teaching of Jesus Christ and the precepts of the New Testament they would have been better, happier, and purer men than they

were. A man had to choose between Christ and himself, and happy was the man who made Christ his choice."

The anniversary Men's Services were always a great occasion, the Mayor and Corporation attending in state, and the many various public bodies of the town being represented in large numbers. They assembled generally at Lansdowne, and, forming a very long procession, headed by the band of the 7th Hants Territorials (of which regiment Mr. Kennedy was honorary Chaplain), marched to St. John's Church. Thousands of people lined the roadway to watch the procession, trams were held up outside the church on account of the crowds, while hundreds of men were unable to gain admittance to the building.

At the first of these Anniversary Services after the death of Mr. Kennedy, the present Vicar, the Rev. Canon Barnes-Lawrence, preached his first sermon in the church. At the close he said: "I stand here to-day in the place of one who made his mark in Bournemouth, and who, as the Bishop of Winchester said a few nights previously, was a type of dedicated manhood—the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy—who had the interests of men par-

ticularly at heart, was a man's man, and who has laid down his life as much as those who die on the field of battle, for his King and his country. He has left an example in Boscombe and Bournemouth which no one in this church or congregation will, I am sure, ever forget."

Looking back over many years, in the light of what is taking place now in our dear old England—this country we all love, but which is so woefully slow to act, or to look ahead to be fully prepared for any contingency which does not at the time seem probable—it is interesting to refer to the Vicar's remarks to his overflowing congregation on the occasion of the tenth Anniversary of his Men's Monthly Services. The Hants Carabineers, the 7th Hants Territorials, the 6th Hants Battery R.G.A., the Bournemouth School Cadet Corps, and St. John's Scouts and Church Lad's Brigade, all attended. It was a most imposing spectacle, the huge procession accompanied by two military bands, the C.L.B. with their bugle band, and the members of the 7th Hants in scarlet full-dress uniform. Before giving his discourse the Vicar welcomed the Mayor and Corporation, and, speaking of the 7th Hants, he said: "We

are proud of our Bournemouth Territorials, and we shall be still prouder of them when they have doubled their present numbers. I should like to see all those who are eligible to join these distinguished forces do so. I am not one of those who make any secret of my belief. I believe in the words which are perhaps misunderstood—‘Compulsory Service.’ I believe it would be good for the nation if every man were trained to bear arms, whether he be a peer or a mechanic. It matters not what their position in life ; we are all men, and have a country to care for and to defend. I should like to see here in Bournemouth a much greater spirit of militarism than there is at the present time.”

The first Sunday in every year the Vicar designated “Thanksgiving Sunday.” Some time before, a printed letter was sent to each seat-holder, as well as distributed in the church, asking every one as God had blessed them and they were able, to send, previous to the Sunday, some contribution as a thank-offering for blessings received during the past year. He always specified the object or objects to which the money would be given, and very large sums were received. All the

offertories at the Sunday Services were devoted to the same purpose, and at the close of the evening service he announced the total to the congregation, who then all joined in singing the *Te Deum*. Very many of the donors took the opportunity of writing most grateful letters for help received through the clergy, which expressions of gratitude were prized highly by Vicar and Curates alike.

A visitor from London who constantly attended St. John's, and was at Boscombe for Thanksgiving Sunday, 1908, wrote: "I hesitate to write to you, knowing that you must be constantly overburdened with letters. But this needs no answer—it is just one from one of the 'Ships that pass in the Night,' to thank the keeper of the lighthouse for the light it got in passing. I am only one of many, but one does not like to receive even light in passing without acknowledgment, and I should be grateful if the enclosed might be added to the Thanksgiving Fund. As a stranger, too, I would like to thank you for your welcome to strangers at the Prayer Meeting. I must apologize for not having asked first if I might come, but I was hungry for more for others as well as myself, and I



thought the veil would be thin at the Prayer Meeting ; and so it was, one saw Him better ; and it was thin at church, too."

Mr. Kennedy was always ready to help on his curates ; he would never for one moment put anything in the way to prevent their preferment, even though it might mean great inconvenience to himself. His first senior curate, the Rev. C. E. Wilson, to whom he gave his title, served under him at Hatcham, coming from there with him to Boscombe. It was a real trouble for him to lose such a valuable colleague after seven and a half years' splendid work, when he accepted the offer of the Vicariate of St. Paul's Church, Upper Holloway. A large farewell gathering assembled in the Parish Room to bid him good-bye and wish him God-speed. The Vicar handed him, in the name of the subscribers, a cheque and an illuminated address, which he said seemed a very small token of the regard they felt for him, but he had their earnest prayers, their good wishes for the future, and hearty thanks for the work he had done at Boscombe.

Mr. Wilson, in acknowledging the gift, said that he first went to Mr. Kennedy's house

expecting to meet a prospective Vicar, but he found him to be an elder brother, and he could not tell them how much he had been to him during the last seven and a half years.

In 1907 a volume of addresses, preached by the Vicar to his Friday morning congregations, was published by the Religious Tract Society. It consists of an exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and is entitled "Old Theology Restated." A Press review describes it as being "like a much advertised beverage, 'grateful, comforting, and refreshing,' it leads us out of the noise and din of controversy and upheaval to the 'still waters' of the Word."

Two other series of sermons have been printed since Mr. Kennedy's death under the title of "Soul Attitudes" (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton). The first six were preached on Sunday mornings in Lent, 1913, and the remaining twelve "Nights and Days" on successive Sunday mornings and evenings during Lent, 1914.

As Chaplain to the 7th Hants Territorials, Mr. Kennedy frequently conducted drum-head services; he has often spoken on these occasions in Meyrick Park, which lends itself

so admirably to the picturesque grouping of a large concourse of people. The Territorials were formed up to make three sides of a square the drums in the centre for a pulpit, while thousands of people congregated all round on the rising grass-covered ground.

He was also appointed honorary Chaplain to the Boscombe Hospital, an institution in which he took very great interest, and where he laboured assiduously for many years, visiting the patients generally twice a week, while he was prepared to go if required to urgent cases at any time either day or night.

Easter Sunday services at St. John's were always a wonderful feature. The church, beautifully decorated, gave additional attraction ; every available seat in the building was occupied long before the service began ; heartiness and brightness characterized the whole of the proceedings, while one's whole being was deeply stirred by the forceful Easter message from the pulpit. A brass quartette with drums tended to augment the musical part of the services, and it was impressively grand to hear the trumpet sounding out the notes of the beautiful Easter hymn, " Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah."

A member of the congregation one day told the Vicar that he did not approve of those instruments in Divine service. Whereupon the Vicar asked him if he came to church on Sunday evenings and joined with the people in singing the *Cantate Domino*, to which the man replied, "Yes." "Well, then," said the Vicar, "when you do so next time just take special notice of the words 'With trumpets also and shawms, O shew yourself joyful before the Lord the King,' and perhaps you will think differently."

The congregations on Easter Sunday were always so large that a special overflow service was conducted in the Parish Hall. People would come from all parts to have the opportunity of attending St. John's Church, and frequently—not at Easter or any special occasion, but at ordinary times—Mr. Kennedy has requested that children might attend the service provided for them in the Parish Hall on Sunday mornings, instead of occupying seats in the church, and thereby excluding older people who were desirous of attending but unable to find accommodation.

In 1909 Mr. Kennedy went to the Keswick Convention ; it was his first visit there, he

having hitherto been prejudiced against it. He literally enjoyed every moment, and could say nothing but in its favour ever afterwards. It was all so free from the excitement and rush which he had feared ; the atmosphere of the whole proceedings greatly appealed to him in its simple quiet reverence, and he returned with a totally different opinion of the Keswick Convention to what he had before.

For some years he acted as Clerk of the Ruridecanal Chapter of the Diocese of Winchester, which brought him into close touch with many of the clergy, and only shortly before his death he was one of the two invited speakers at the Winchester Diocesan Conference.

In connection with the work of the parish at Boscombe there existed a real necessity for a thoroughly well-equipped Men's Club. There was a quite small hall, but only a poor one, and when the Vicar made known his need to a gentleman friend he expressed a wish to enlarge the then existing building to about double its size, and to furnish it with baths, while he also most generously supplied a beautiful full-sized

billiard table. He said he should like to do this as a thank-offering for wonderfully restored health since coming to reside in Boscombe ; thus the parish of St. John's became the possessor of a really good Men's Club, and was truly grateful to the generous donor. The same gentlemen also provided a very nice Girl's Club, with large hall for meetings or recreation ; a most liberal addition to the parochial work, and one which the Vicar greatly valued and appreciated.

In the hall of this Men's Club a Mission Service was held every Sunday evening, and a Bible-class for men was conducted every Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Hubert Peek, which was attended regularly by a large number of men, there being as many as over 200 names on the register. As this work grew and increasing congregations assembled, the hall was not large enough to comfortably accommodate them, so the Vicar decided to take steps to procure a large Mission Hall for that district, in which the Bible-class could be held, also Sunday evening services for the district people ; at the same time it would be useful for various social or religious gatherings. Necessary funds were subscribed, and

in 1910 the new Mission Hall was formally opened by the Vicar, on behalf of the Dowager Countess Cairns, who was unable to be present. It has seating accommodation for 420, and the whole cost, including ground, furniture, etc., was about £3780. The Vicar briefly addressed the people present at the opening ceremony, remarking at the close, "We may crowd this place, make it financially most successful, but unless we bring men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ all our efforts will be a lamentable failure."

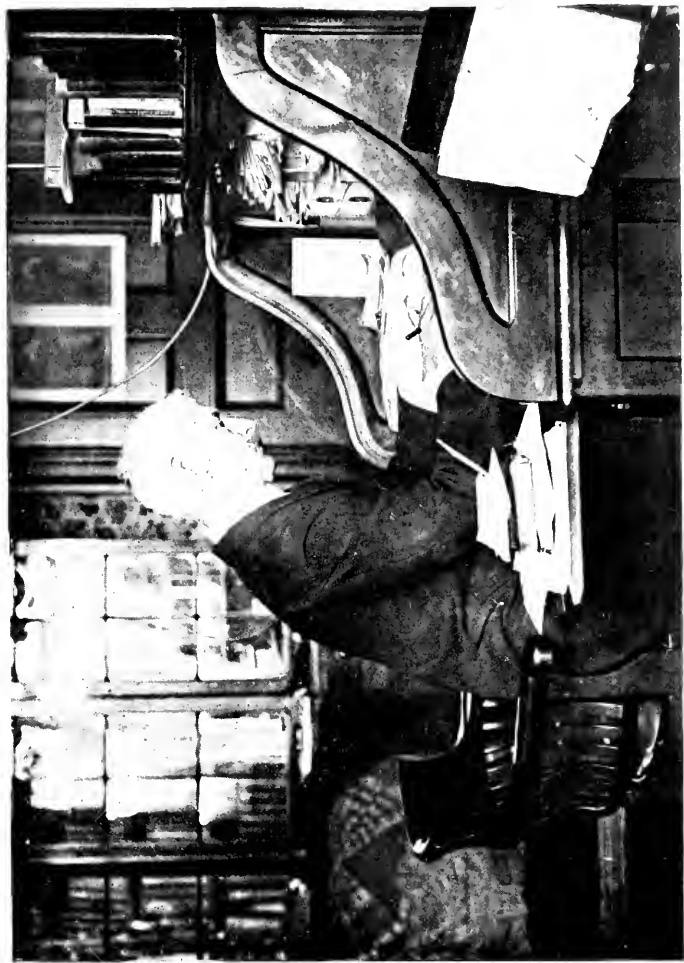
After being some years at Boscombe he started a branch of the C.E.M.S. (Church of England Men's Society) in connection with which fortnightly debates (when ladies were admitted as listeners) were held. A large variety of topical subjects came under discussion, some very instructive, some very amusing, all very interesting, affording pleasant evenings for everyone present.

When Mr. Kennedy first came to the parish it did not possess a Vicarage, but after a year or so a house was secured, with the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and in the course of time he was successful in raising funds for its purchase.

It always distressed him when people wanted to make apology for a small gathering at a meeting or service. He would remind them God was there just as surely as if the building were crowded, and especially if prayer had been made about it beforehand it could not lack blessing. He was a very great believer in prayer, for how often had he proved its power ! He used to say, " Show me a flourishing parish and I shall be sure there is a weekly prayer-meeting."

He used frequently to receive anonymous letters, which were generally consigned to the waste-paper basket ; he always argued that if the writer had not the courage to sign his or her name the letter could not be of much value or importance. At one time he was the recipient of a number of such communications, so, one day he announced that, in future all anonymous letters sent to him would be affixed to the notice-board in the porch of the main entrance to the church. He had received two during the preceding week, and any of the congregation could read them as they passed out. After that anonymous letters ceased. In his early days at Boscombe Mr. Kennedy received two most acceptable anonymous





REV. E. J. KENNEDY IN HIS STUDY AT ROSCOMBE



letters (which were not put in the waste-paper basket), each containing a cheque—one towards defraying dilapidation expenses at Hatcham, and the other to purchase a pony and trap for his wife.

While at Boscombe he had the great joy of admitting into the Church of England five Roman Catholics and one Jew; this last came from London to receive instruction from Mr. Kennedy, who went to London to administer the rite of baptism to him.

He was very keen on the work of the Church Lads' Brigade, whose members all loved their Chaplain. When he was at Boulogne in 1915 he one day entered a shop to make a purchase, when he noticed two young "Tommies" trying all they knew to make themselves understood, or, in the words of the one who related the incident: "We were getting into no end of a muddle with our 'Parley-vousing,' when a tall officer strode across the shop to me and said, 'Well, my man, can I give you any help?' I looked up in his face, and 'twas the Vicar. My word, I *was* glad to see him, and told him who I was (a young officer of St. John's C.L.B.), and he shook hands and talked about home. Some time after that,

when I was driving through Boulogne, I saw him in the street ; he held up his hand to stop me, and said, ‘ Well, I’m going home in a few days. Give me your address, and I’ll call in and see your mother.’ ” “ Did he call ? ” asked the friend to whom he was speaking. “ Rather,” replied the C.L.B., “ three days after he got home.”

## XVI

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### *Boscombe (continued)*

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MR. KENNEDY had a marked capacity for obtaining money when he required funds for anything connected with his work or to help anyone in distress. He was not afraid to ask straight out for what he wanted, at the same time putting the points in its favour so clearly that it was wellnigh impossible for anyone to refuse or withhold any help they might be able to give. In the same way, if he came across a particularly distressing case which he knew to be deserving, and one on which a few pounds would be well spent, he would sit down in his study and write several letters to charitably-disposed people whom he knew were in a position to help, laying his case clearly before them. He has many a time sent out over a dozen such appeals by one post, remarking to his wife, "Now if each of those people will send me five shillings that poor family will be set on

its legs once more." His appeals were never in vain. An interesting case was that of a man who had a wife and family of eight children. Life had been a terrible struggle for him, and it then seemed as if the future had nothing to offer him but the workhouse or starvation. When Mr. Kennedy became acquainted with all the facts, and felt it to be a case worthy of substantial help, he collected sufficient money to send the whole family to Australia, at the same time furnishing the man with letters of introduction which might be the means of helping him to find employment. The man and his wife were full of gratitude, and left England in high hopes for the future. About twelve months later he called to see his benefactor. He told him he had been working the whole time for one firm, who had sent him back to the old country entrusted with important business for them, which accounted for his presence there. He was most comfortably settled in Australia in a nice home, was very happy in his work, and, as an expression of his deep gratitude for all the kindness Mr. Kennedy had extended to him and his family, he asked him to accept a large rough-looking stone,

which he said if taken to a stone-cutter would be found to contain an opal—perhaps two. Mr. Kennedy took it as directed, and sure enough there were two large beautiful opals inside. One of them he had set in a pendant for Mrs. Kennedy, who treasures it, not only for its intrinsic value, but also for the interesting history with which the stone is associated.

Another time a man came to the Vicarage asking help ; he spun the usual yarn about wanting to get work but had not just the one tool necessary. He received half a crown, for which he appeared most grateful, then went his way. Some time afterwards he returned to tell the Vicar that that half-crown had been the means of his making an entirely fresh start, that he was doing very well, and, as it had enabled him to purchase what he had required, he felt he must let the Vicar know, because he was so grateful to him for his help, also for believing his story.

Among the earlier objects for which the Vicar sought to raise funds was the East window in the church. He had £250 given him to be used in beautifying the East end, in memory of the late Mrs. Henry Hall, who

had contributed very substantially to the cost of the building. This handsome sum was used towards the cost of the window, the rest of the money being raised by the congregation, in celebration of the coronation of King Edward VII, thus standing as a double memorial, for, as the Vicar said, "It expresses alike the remembrance of a saintly life and the loyalty of the congregation."

By invitation of Mr. Kennedy, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg came to Boscombe from Osborne for the purpose of unveiling the new East window. It was a proud day for Boscombe when she, with her suite, alighted at the station. She and her Lady-in-Waiting drove in a victoria to St. John's Church, being greeted with loud cheers by the crowds which had assembled along the line of route. The visit was of a semi-private character, and, in accordance with the wish of her Royal Highness, there was no civic reception. The streets, business houses, and private residences were gaily decorated ; the decorations at Chine Hotel, where luncheon was served after the ceremony, being particularly effective. Outside the church, from the main gate to the west door, the path was



lined with scholars of St. John's National Schools who sang the National Anthem as the Princess walked between them. As would be expected, the church was crowded, many people being unable to gain admission. The service was short, and, after a very brief address, the Vicar asked the Princess to unveil the window, which she did, saying in a clear voice : " I have pleasure in unveiling this window to the glory of God, in memory of Mrs. Charlotte Hall and in commemoration of the coronation of King Edward." Mr. Kennedy had arranged that after lunching at the Chine Hotel the Royal party should drive to the Boscombe Hospital. There the Princess passed through the various wards, much to the delight of the patients, to some of whom she kindly spoke ; they then drove back to the station and her Royal Highness returned to Osborne.

St. John's Church is beautified by other coloured windows ; in 1913 Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy erected one to the memory of Dr. T. Fred Gardner, a personal friend, also a former churchwarden, and the same year a magnificent West window was placed in the church by the members of the congregation

and others who were interested in it ; while there are also seven others, all dedicated either in memory of deceased friends or as thank-offerings for mercies received. The last coloured window placed in the church is a very fine one, representing Christ before Pilate, and was erected in 1916 by the congregation and friends in memory of their dearly-loved Vicar.

Mr. Kennedy was very keen on all Missionary work, whether at home or abroad. He fully believed that if a church was not liberal in helping to spread the Gospel message it could not expect to receive fullest blessing on its own work. The parish of St. John's can by no means be said to be wealthy ; there are just a few seat-holders who might come under that distinction, but they are very easily counted on the fingers—not including the thumb—of one hand ; boarding-and lodging-house keepers occupying most of the houses, while there are some retired people who have none too much money to spare. The Vicar always tried to impress his congregation with the fact that it is not only the duty, but also the privilege, of *each one* to do his or her best ; he was quite as grateful for

the small contributions of shillings as for larger ones. That was just the secret of the good collections raised at the offertories, all being given cheerfully and willingly, everyone realizing that he or she had a personal responsibility in the matter.

It is no wonder, therefore, that his people also had the Missionary cause at heart ; most successful C.M.S. sales of work were held annually, while the response to the appeal a year or two ago from the great Missionary Conference held at Swanick sent by St. John's congregation was the largest amount received at the Society's headquarters in London. In the ordinary way there was always well over £1000 subscribed yearly by the people of the parish for various outside charities.

On three occasions the congregation had the privilege of enjoying Mission Services, which were greatly blessed to many and very helpful to all. The late Canon Stuart was Missioner for one of these, at another time it was the Rev. Stuart Holden, and the other was the visit of the two brother Evangelists, Mr. Frederick and Mr. Arthur Wood. They, being laymen, did not, of course, hold services

in the church, their special work being at the Mission Hall among the people of the district, though they conducted a Bible-reading every afternoon in the Parish Hall. All their services were excellently attended, and very many evidences of blessing were manifest.

Mr. Kennedy was distinctly broad in his views, never hesitating to associate himself with people of other denominations, or of a different way of thinking ; High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, or Nonconformists, one and all finding in him a sympathizing helper and friend. In one of his parishes he was always spoken of by a Roman Catholic family as " Our Vicar," though, of course, they did not attend his church. Wherever he went he made lifelong friends ; his manner was so genial and bright, he possessed the fine quality of ready sympathy, and was never too much occupied or tired to give attention to anyone seeking help or comfort, while the genuinely needy knew they would not appeal to him in vain.

In 1907 Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy paid their first visit to Switzerland, where they went, with a party of friends, for their summer holiday. The places chosen for their stay

were Mürren and Wengernalp, the exceeding beauties of which were a great delight. During this holiday Mr. Kennedy made his first attempt at mountain climbing, he and his daughter, with guides, spending one whole day in this way. He was so intensely delighted with the experience that on the occasion of his next visit to the Bernese Oberland he repeated it, enjoying it even more, if possible.

The following year they did not go abroad, but only took just a week or two at a place not far from home, as Mr. Kennedy had been obliged to give up work some time in the summer, having had to undergo an operation to his knee, which had caused him much trouble for a long while, owing to an injury to it some years previously.

In 1909 their daughter Violet was married at her father's church, to the Rev. J. F. A. Wicksteed, at that time curate at Blackheath, subsequently becoming Vicar of St. Andrew's, Watford, and, later, Vicar of St. Mark's, Tunbridge Wells. The wedding was the occasion of much local jubilation, the whole parish turning out to witness what they could of the ceremony and to give the bride and bridegroom a real hearty send-off. The Vicar gave

his daughter away, the bridegroom's father officiating at the wedding. The following year Mr. Kennedy had the great joy of baptizing his first grandchild, Joan, at St. Andrew's Church, Watford. A second daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wicksteed two years later, and in January, 1916, twins, a boy and girl, made their entry into the world. This was about three months after Mr. Kennedy's death ; he had so much desired to have a grandson, having no son of his own, but he was not permitted to live to see him. He is named Edmund John Kennedy, so that he will carry on those revered and beloved initials E. J. K. by which his grandfather was so widely known.



ST. JOHN'S VICARAGE, BOSCOMBE



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BOSCOMBE





## XVII

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### *Boscombe (continued)*

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IT is very remarkable how one is still constantly coming across fresh people who knew Mr. Kennedy. It was only last summer that Mrs. Kennedy received a letter from a lady in Derbyshire, who wrote, that when the Rector of the village called one day, noticing a photograph she had in the room, he instantly called out "*Dear old Kennedy!*" She went on to say in her letter how "*He always preached the fulness of a positive personal Christ, which gave such compelling power to his words and message.*"

When he was at the Front, only a few months before he died, he was conversing with one of the Bishops, who was to officiate at a Confirmation at which he had some candidates to present. The Bishop asked him his name, and on hearing it was "Kennedy," he replied, "Why, are you the Kennedy from

Boscombe one hears about all up and down the country ? ”

One Sunday a gentleman from the Midlands came in to the vestry of St. John's Church after the morning service, wishing to speak to the Vicar, to whom he was a perfect stranger. He said, “ A few months ago I began to feel unhappy and dissatisfied with my spiritual condition. I spoke to my wife, but she only seemed surprised, reminding me that I was a godly man, a regular attendant at church, and living a respectable upright life. She could not convince me, however, for I felt clearly that there was something which I did not possess, without being at all sure in my own mind exactly what it was. I told her that a long while ago I went one day into Exeter Hall, when I was in town on business, and there I heard a Mr. Kennedy give an address. He spoke with great enthusiasm and wonderful assurance of possessing *Christ*, but I did not fully realize that that was my need, though that address has haunted me ever since. I did not know the speaker, nor could I then find out where he was, so the matter had to be dropped. The other day I read in a Church newspaper that the Rev. E. J. Ken-

nedy, of Boscombe, was to speak at the Church Congress. Finding that he lived at Boscombe (for I felt sure it was the same man), my wife and I decided to come here for our holiday. "Well, sir," he continued, "I have just heard you preach, and you have put the whole Gospel story so clearly that I at once received Christ into my heart before you had finished your sermon." Mr. Kennedy invited him home to the Vicarage to dinner. From this time he and his wife chose Boscombe for their annual holiday in order to keep in touch with St. John's.

In the summer-time Mr. Kennedy used to enjoy the sea bathing; he was to be seen almost every morning having a swim, never missing unless his work prevented, or unless the sea was so rough that no bathing was allowed. He liked a rough sea better than a smooth one, and, being an expert and experienced long-distance swimmer, he was able to render valuable assistance to bathers in distress on more than one occasion. One morning, just as he was ready to leave his bathing machine, he heard cries for help from the water. It was an August Bank Holiday, before breakfast, when,

owing to the extraordinary strength of the undercurrent, the sea was particularly dangerous for non-swimmers. About a hundred yards out in the water the Vicar saw a man in difficulties. A bathing attendant also heard the cries, and together they swam out to the one in distress, whom they successfully reached after a time. The young man had nearly lost all his strength as well as his nerve. Then began a struggle which several times threatened to end in all three men being drowned. The two rescuers were becoming exhausted by the waves breaking over them and the immense quantities of water they swallowed. Progress became slower, and Mr. Kennedy called for a boat, while they managed to keep the drowning man's head above water. A moment later a larger wave than usual came crashing down on top of them, separating them all. After this, Mr. Kennedy was carried out further to sea, and he began to lose all hope of ever reaching the shore alive. In his own words : " I was so absolutely done, and had become so cramped all over—a thing I have never experienced before—that I thought the end had come, and I offered up what I quite felt was to be my

last prayer." The other two men, in the meantime, were nearing the beach, and it was only by managing to throw himself upon one or two large incoming waves that the Vicar was washed ashore. Immediate attention was given to the three men, and after some considerable time they were all brought round. On reaching home the Vicar had to go to bed, but, with proper treatment, was able after a few hours to get up again. The case of the two rescuers was brought to the notice of the Royal Humane Society, who awarded them the medal and certificate in recognition of the gallant deed. As a mark of his gratitude, the bather wrote Mr. Kennedy a most warm letter of thanks for having been instrumental in saving his life, at the same time asking his acceptance of a silver match-box, suitably engraved, recording his act of heroism. On every subsequent August Bank Holiday Mr. Kennedy wrote to the young man and received a letter from him in return.

Before Mr. Kennedy had been long in Boscombe there was great agitation on the part of some of the Council members for Sunday tramcars. Up to that time they were not running at all on those days. Bourne-

mouth folk appreciated a quiet Sunday, and many heated discussions upon the subject took place. Like every other question, there were the "pros and cons," and each side did their best to convince the other that their view of the matter had most to commend it. It was not to be expected that the Vicar of St. John's would let such an innovation take place without raising his voice in protest of what he considered would be detrimental to the town generally. He was by no means in favour of Sunday trams, and it was very largely through his instrumentality in securing the influence of prominent members of the community that the whole subject was referred back for three years. He contended that Bournemouth was such a favourite resort of those who appreciated one day in the week without the constant rumble, as well as the clanging bells, of the tramcars, that it would be a great pity to deprive them of the pleasure of coming to the one place where they could enjoy a quiet Sunday.

In answer to the argument of the opposite side in the discussion that many visitors complained of there being no means of getting about on Sunday in Bournemouth, the Vicar

very sensibly said : " Let those who want Sunday trams go to the places where they are running them, not come here where they know there are no Sunday trams and then grumble about it." One man tried to win him over by saying, " Why, if the trams run on Sundays just think what a lot of people they will bring to your church who cannot come now because of the distance ! " This was the answer he received : " I would rather the people from long distances attend their own places of worship ; I am not at all anxious for them to come to St. John's, for there is not room for them, we have as much as we can do now to accommodate the congregation with sittings."

A local illustrated paper had an amusing cartoon representing Mr. Kennedy, fully robed, as driver of a tramcar ; he controlled a rope which set in motion a peal of bells suspended along the iron arm connected with the overhead wires. The tickets were to be punched at the name of the place of worship the passengers desired to attend, and one of the necessary conditions for all users of the car was that they must carry a Prayer-Book. He was highly amused at the fun made of

him, thoroughly entered into the spirit of the joke and had many a good hearty laugh over it.

He often had a great deal of opposition to encounter, brought about because he had no fear of speaking out boldly what he believed to be right. This led to his receiving an anonymous letter asking him if he considered himself to be the "Pope of Boscombe." Ordinary Boscombe people were quite unaware of the existence of such a dignitary !

After three years the subject of running Sunday trams was brought forward again at the Council Meeting, when it was passed, on the agreement that the trams should not run on Sunday mornings, but commence their journeys at 2 p.m., which arrangement has continued in operation ever since, except the days preceding Bank Holidays, when they start running at 10 o'clock. Another suggested "improvement" to the town to which Mr. Kennedy was greatly opposed was the transforming of the Boscombe Theatre into a Hippodrome. He raised no word of objection to the theatre as it was ; it was a fine building, with well-conducted performances, and always a selection of good plays. But if it became a



Hippodrome the whole character of the house would necessarily be altered, and, the Vicar feared, become detrimental to the town. The two principal objections he had to it were the introduction of a drinking bar, and the very low price of the cheapest seats—threepence—which would be such a temptation to children and young people to spend their money which they could not rightly afford. The premises have, happily, never been licensed, so that danger has been averted, but the other has proved to be a temptation which many could not resist. It is a well-known fact that some of the inhabitants would actually pawn their goods in order to get a few pence to go to the Hippodrome. After the building was opened and the performances in full swing, then was the time for the much-criticized Vicar of St. John's to be taken off. It was all done in good part, and accepted as such, while it caused amusement all round. At one of the turns there was a performing parrot ; he was put on a perch to wait until the performer was ready for him. In the meantime, while the man's back was turned, Polly descended from his elevated position ; when he saw this the man said, " Who told you to get off your

perch ? did the Rev. Kennedy tell you you might ? ” Another time a song was introduced, each verse concluding with “ The Rev. Kennedy says so.” These topical items, naturally, were received with tremendous applause.

In the summer of 1911 Mr. Kennedy was very ill ; for some time serious trouble was feared, and he was ordered to the Engadine, where he and Mrs. Kennedy spent three or four weeks at Pontresina. The wonderful Swiss air restored him to health in a great measure, but the doctors insisted upon his having a break in his winter’s work unless he wanted to collapse entirely. So just after Christmas he went again to Pontresina, where he stayed about a fortnight, this time with two gentlemen friends, and enjoyed the fascinating winter sports. He found this holiday so beneficial that he repeated it the following winter. He and Mrs. Kennedy, with two friends, took their summer holiday in 1912 once again in the Bernese Oberland, this time visiting Lucerne, Wengernalp, and Thün. He revelled in the wonderful scenery, and immensely enjoyed some mountain climbing on the White Monk with two interesting

Swiss guides, both of whom spoke good English. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy took one more excursion to Switzerland, again with two friends ; this was in the fateful August of 1914. They had just arrived there when war was declared with Germany, and it was not until quite the end of the month that they were able to get back home. They had terrible experiences on the return journey, which occupied three whole days' constant travelling, and being hustled and jostled, finally arriving home very thankful for preserving mercies, but feeling more dead than alive. During that memorable journey Mr. Kennedy had been particularly struck with the intensely real seriousness of the French people with regard to the war, and he wanted to do what he could to infect his own countrymen with a like feeling. As soon as possible after reaching home he announced a lecture to be given in the Parish Hall on "French Enthusiasm." The hall was packed with a most attentive and interested audience, when he gave an account of the experiences through which he had so recently passed in returning from Switzerland and France to England, and which conveyed certain lessons it would be

well to lay to heart. The following particulars are selected from the Press report of a local paper :—

Comparing the position of France and England, Mr. Kennedy said they all realized that they were English people and the others French, and, therefore that the French, like all Gaelic people and Latin races, were more excitable than the English. We did not, he said, carry our position upon our coat-sleeves, but the enthusiasm of France to-day was simply magnificent. He said they would not see Frenchmen playing lawn tennis to-day, nor would they see Frenchmen lounging about flirting with girls. The young manhood of England to-day bore a very unfavourable contrast with the manhood he had seen during the last few days and nights. It might be that it was in the hearts of the men to do their duty, but the fact remained that at the present time they were not doing it. In France men were going to the Front with songs upon their lips, counting it an honour to go forth and fight for their country. They had left their wives and children, and they loved them just as much as Englishmen did ; they had left their employment, but they realized the urgent

call of their country. The troop trains were composed mainly of cattle trucks, but these were decorated with branches of trees and flowers by the tender hands of women and the loving gratitude of the old men. It was strange to pass through that wonderfully fertile country and find not a young man to be seen in the fields ; only women and old men. In France the manhood of the country had risen—and not under compulsion. A tide was going to sweep over this country such as this country had never known ; it had got to come, and it was on its way, and was going to bring in men to their country's call in a way that had never before been heard of. When he and his party arrived in England, the enthusiasm, if it was here, was not shown. Two companies of soldiers were crossing Waterloo platform and received not a smile, not a cheer. Was this what English enthusiasm was to-day in the face of the greatest peril England had ever known ? The duty of Englishmen was to offer themselves to their King and their country. The speaker then went on to outline the ways and means open to them to assist their country, adding, there was a golden rule he would give them, " Don't judge other

men because they don't fall into that line into which you think they ought to fall." It might cost many men more to stay at home than to go to the Front. The moral effect upon the Germans of our men rallying in masses to the support of our army would be prodigious. The Germans had an idea that we were not a military nation, and we had to dispel that idea. Referring to the arrangements made at Boscombe Hospital for the reception of the wounded, Mr. Kennedy proposed to give the proceeds derived from his lecture to the Boscombe Hospital, with the gratifying result that a sum of £40 was handed over to the authorities of that institution. An officer of the Dorset Yeomanry was on the platform to take the names of any volunteers for service, Mr. Kennedy inviting men to come forward for that purpose, which several did. He also announced that he himself had volunteered as Chaplain for the Front, and he would be very disappointed if he was not with the English troops there before long.

When his lecture was delivered it was quite in the very early days of the war ; soon afterwards that magnificent army of brave volunteers known as " Kitchener's Army " was

raised in a wonderfully short time, and commanded the admiration and respect of every patriotic Englishman, and received it of no one more than of Mr. Kennedy himself.

For a most interesting account of what followed during the next two months the reader cannot do better than refer to Mr. Kennedy's own book, "With the Immortal Seventh Division" (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), wherein he describes how the sudden summons to present himself at the War Office was brought to him early one morning by his orderly, while he was serving the regiment, to which he was attached as Chaplain Major, on Salisbury Plain. He joined them directly on his return from Switzerland, having already offered his services as Chaplain to the Forces serving abroad. It was September 18th when he signed on at the War Office for twelve months' service, and he was appointed senior Chaplain to the 7th Division, which was then mobilizing at Lyndhurst. The whole Division were there in camp—a wonderful sight to see—those thousands of some of the very best men in the land. Being comparatively near to Boscombe, Mr. Kennedy used to motor backwards and forwards each day, while on Sun-

days he went there for Parade Services, returning in time to be at St. John's Church at 6.30 p.m. For about eighteen months he had had a small car of his own ; so often having to travel long distances to preach or attend meetings of one kind or another, he had ample opportunity for making good use of it in connection with his work, while he much enjoyed two delightful tours into the Midlands the first summer. The car was a great pleasure to him, though he did not have much time for driving in it himself except when he could combine business with pleasure.

It was in the night of October 3rd-4th that the 7th Division marched away from Lyndhurst for that part of the continent generally designated "Somewhere in France," and Major the Rev. E. J. Kennedy of the 7th Hants Territorials began his experiences as Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces on active service.

Referring to his work with the troops on Salisbury Plain, Mr. H. M. Bradshaw, Divisional Secretary Y.M.C.A., Bournemouth Y.M.C.A. Area, has most courteously sent the following particulars to Mrs. Kennedy, which cannot but interest all readers.



“In mid-September, 1914, the Bournemouth Y.M.C.A. (in conjunction with the National Council) established a canvas tent at the Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plain. On the first evening I asked my dear friend, E. J. K., to give the straight word to the men—about 1000 were present, Hampshires, the largest marquee on the Plain being packed. He spoke from the words, ‘The Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me,’ and the message went right home. Many a man testified to benefit received at that meeting, and not a few genuine decisions for the Master followed.

“Within a very few days Mr. Kennedy came in to our tent, beaming with delight, and told me of his appointment as Senior Chaplain to the 7th Division.

“He was very anxious that I should have the friendship of the Brigade Chaplain, so arranged a meeting of this friend, himself and myself. The result of that introduction and mutual understanding was a strong friendship and a perfect working, right through the whole camp time, between the Chaplains and the Y.M.C.A.

“Edmund John Kennedy was a man who was never afraid of facing facts and getting to

the bottom of things, and this quality made life richer, happier, and infinitely more useful for hundreds of his friends.

“ On more than one occasion, when, in the earlier days of my work in Bournemouth, I had great difficulties, I laid matters before my friend, and he and I together laid them before the Lord. It was so natural with him to fight, to face bottom facts, and then to trust God. He made the air purer, and life stronger, for all whom he honoured with his friendship.

“ I have never found such a friend in whom I could implicitly trust, and to whom I could confidently tell everything, and I doubt if I ever will again.”

## XVIII

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### *Military Experiences*

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THE imposing procession of the troops of the 7th Division, consisting of over 20,000 men, and extending, from the van to the rear, about twelve miles along the road, arrived at Southampton at 7 a.m. on October 4th, 1914. There was much to be done there before the fourteen huge transports which were to convey them all across the Channel could be got under way. The voyage was very perilous, for all night they steamed right through the minefield, and it was due to the skilful piloting, under the providential guidance of a Heavenly Father, that the whole company reached the shores of Belgium safely without a single mishap. Writing to his wife, Mr. Kennedy says : " I feel quite easy and restful ; I never realized more fully the keeping power of God. Last night I went down and had some hymns and prayer with the men 'tween decks ; a large number

gathered round and sang most heartily ; some, of course, turned up their noses, but one expects that." Half the number of transports landed at Zeebrugge, the rest going to Ostend, the quay at the former port (though of immense proportions) not being big enough to accommodate the whole fleet. The two portions having joined each other the column then moved off from Zeebrugge for a ten-mile trek to Bruges.

Mr. Kennedy had been appointed mess president, and had some amusing experiences during his searches for appetizing varieties to the menu. He found shopping not quite so easy as he expected, but after a time he became " au fait " at the art, and was able to report : " I am developing quite a talent in providing meals, and do it cheaply too. We, of course, have our rations, but anything extra, such as eggs, fruit, fowls, etc. etc., have to be secured anywhere." One day he tried his hand at sewing the brassard on his sleeve, only to discover when finished it was put upside down, so that effort was not a great success, but his landlady where he was billeted came to the rescue and soon put matters right. Long ago he had studied

French, which he found most useful now, being sufficiently proficient to act as interpreter for his brother officers, besides helping many a distracted Tommy unable to understand the language or make himself understood. He did not at all appreciate the task of billeting which fell to his lot. He says : " To begin with, it was not an easy matter to arouse the slumbering people ; and the billeting party had to wait long before each door ere slippered feet were heard along the passages and drowsy voices enquired suspiciously as to our business ; then appeared more or less clad figures who gazed anxiously at the cloaked men standing at the door—however, the talismanic charm of ' Englishmen ' did wonders." Writing from Ypres, he says : " The people seem most impressed with the height and physique of our men, which bears a striking comparison to theirs. This is shocking sad work ; our fellows are jubilant over men being killed, but I can't get away from the thought of some wife, mother, etc., grieving. What a curse it all is ! We are just sending off for a German prisoner, wounded ; I wish I could speak German."

When Mr. Kennedy was on sick leave after

his accident he had some lessons in German, in which language he made good progress. Although unable to speak very much, yet he did not let that fact deter him if he had any opportunity of using words he did know. At one place, among the wounded where he was visiting, was a German with a badly shattered leg ; he was very grateful to Mr. Kennedy for going to see him, and the kind smile when he gave him a cigar cheered Mr. Kennedy much ; but what cheered him most was when, in reply to the question “ Lieben Sie Jesu ? ” (Do you love Jesus ?), the poor fellow gave his hand such a real hearty grip which said more than any words. The man seemed quite overcome at being so gently and comfortably treated ; he had been given to understand by his own countrymen that the English shot their prisoners. One day, an Indian, unable to speak German, went up to a German prisoner, gently stroking him down to express his kindly feeling towards a captive. The prisoner fairly shook with fear, thinking the Gurkha was feeling about his body to find a good place to stick him.

All the time Mr. Kennedy was away his thoughts naturally were very often with the

dear ones he had left at home, also at the services in his beloved church. He writes : " I daily think of you all at 12 (Intercession Service). What a blessing memory is ! I carry so much happiness about in my mind that I really am rich. I just hear we are surrounded by Germans, so expect there will be a big battle presently, and then I shall be working day and night. Well, much as I want home, I wouldn't return if I had the chance, for I am in the right place, I'm sure." The " Gordons " were the object of great wonderment to the Belgian people ; a woman in Ostend, on being asked who they were, replied, " Oh, the wives of the Scots Fusiliers ! " Mr. Kennedy was greatly interested in seeing the " Gordons " go into action in extended order under cover of our guns ; he found there was certainly plenty, in that part of the world, to absorb the keenest sportsman in the way of excitement and dash. Writing on Sunday, he says : " How strangely different my Sunday is to yours ! I had literally no time for prayer and communion until I got alone on horseback." Several times he was particularly struck with the fact how men, before indifferent, seem to realize the serious-

ness of life and death ; when they come face to face with these stern realities their senses seem to become awake, and everything appears to them in a wonderfully different light to what it did before. He met a man in one of the hospitals who said : “ *Padré*, I have been a wild man, but, last night, as I lay wounded in the trenches I realized God and felt in perfect peace.” It is wonderful how men *do* come near to God out there—there is little indifference. One man told him, “ Every man here puts up some sort of prayer every night ! ” All men under fire pass through remarkable soul experience. Said another at the Front one day : “ Please God if we get out of this safely, I will be a different man for the rest of my life.” A fellow Chaplain told Mr. Kennedy that a man said to him : “ I was operated on this morning, sir ; it was a great relief to have the piece of shrapnel taken out of my leg, but nothing to having my sins taken away from my heart.” The poor fellow died the same night.

Among the regiments of the Brigade to which Mr. Kennedy was attached was the 1st Scots Guards ; their casualties had been very great, and during his hospital visitation he



came across several of the wounded men. They were delighted to see him, telling him how they remembered those days at Lyndhurst, when they were there in camp—just three weeks before—and said : “ We wondered whether you would come to us.” One said how well he remembered the sermon that last Sunday morning, it had so helped him, and he had often thought about it. On being asked what the text was, he replied : “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” When Mr. Kennedy was at Zandvoorde, visiting wounded, he says of his experiences at that time : “ The scene was shocking, wounded everywhere—a veritable shamble. I dare not shock you by attempting to describe it. My one aim will be to forget all I am seeing, it is too terrible. I spoke to many dying ; God knows whether they understood me. Oh, the folly of these poor lads putting off the great question to such an hour ! Later on the Major came to me, saying, ‘ Kennedy, will you take a very important message to —— ? ’ The shells were then bursting about us in an awful manner ; however, I thought I am an Englishman *and* a Christian ! so I at once agreed to go. It was

a five-mile ride here—the worst time of my life. Shells bursting around me and over me, but God mercifully preserved me and I got through, but I do not want another dose. After finding out two men I was sent to, I came here and asked for a night's lodging, then went to the hospital. Every place is crowded with dying and wounded men. Pray that I may be faithful and that the fear of man may be taken away. It is very difficult to speak to them, their beds are so close, and one fears their resenting it, but, so far, they all seem grateful."

On the 27th of October he rode out to see some of his men who were among the wounded ; shells were falling all around, as usual, rendering the journey very perilous. On the way back his horse was hit by shell splinters, causing him to fall on top of his rider ; the poor creature tried to raise himself up again, but was unable, thus coming down a second time with great force upon his left leg. Some R.A.M.C. men were quickly on the scene of the accident, hauled him out, and conveyed him to hospital in a car. From there he was taken to his diggings, where he received every comfort and attention.

Fortunately no bones were broken, but the leg was badly crushed and caused excruciating pain. After spending the next day in bed, he got up the following day, being able to hobble a little way with the aid of two sticks, hoping to do some of the large amount of work awaiting his attention. The last duty he performed, then suffering much pain, was to conduct the funeral of Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who had been killed in action. Prince Arthur of Connaught attended as chief mourner, and a large number of distinguished officers were also present. The ceremony was of necessity very short, for it was taking place under heavy fire. Some time later, in writing about it to the papers, an officer said that so continuous was the roar of the shells that it was impossible to hear the Chaplain's voice ! The day following (November 1st) Mr. Kennedy was sent to hospital, being quite incapacitated ; he had not given his leg any chance of getting better, for, as soon as he was at all able to move about he would try and do his work ; consequently, instead of improving, his leg got worse, and he was sent back to England on the first hospital ship leaving Boulogne. All wounded officers were sent

either to Osborne or London, but, there being a military hospital at Boscombe, the officer in command courteously permitted him to return home. The next fortnight was spent in bed ; then, as the injured limb slowly regained power, Mr. Kennedy was able to get about the house by the aid of sticks and to enjoy outdoor exercise in either a motor-car, carriage, or Bath chair.

In one of his letters from the Front he wrote : “ What a cursed thing war is, and how I hate it ! Men talk of the glory of arms—good heavens ! I wish they could see the grim reality of sorrowing people, devastated homes, and mangled bodies.” One day, when he was walking along, a young officer came to him and said : “ Are you Kennedy, of St. John’s, Boscombe ? My father says he knows you.” And when he was in the ambulance after his accident, an officer, seeing him there, came up, saying cheerily, “ Hullo, Padre ! what’s up ? Last time I saw you was in your pulpit at St. John’s, Boscombe ; life’s a funny game, isn’t it ? ” He was constantly coming across people whom he knew or who knew him.

Another time he wrote : “ I am growing

resigned to a very vagabond life, getting a wash and a shave where I can. I haven't had my clothes off for five days, but am remarkably well ; nothing seems to upset me—irregular meals, fitful sleep, early hours—to say nothing of fatigue, the farther I go the better I am. My heart sinks at times when I am in the 'dressing' room and the wards—such awful injuries. I wonder how the poor men bear it, but they do, and usually without a word of complaint. They eagerly crave cigarettes—even on the operating table I put them into their mouths. I have met some fine fellows, and shall be constantly running up against men for the remainder of my days, if God gives me such. Tell the people how very greatly I value their prayers ; they form a veritable armour, and when in peril I have realized this help in a wonderful manner. I shall be in the wards all the afternoon and evening ; *such* interesting work, but oh so sad." In a letter dated October 31st, 1914, he says : " This afternoon I have to bury Prince Maurice of Battenberg. I have been at the cemetery all the morning and am very fagged. It is not only tiring to the body but such a strain upon one's sympathies." He

found the work of a Chaplain in the Army on active service very different from what he had expected ; it was a somewhat unique experience and the work was very varied. Just as a R.A.M.C. officer goes out with a definite special work to do to the bodies of men, so a Chaplain goes out with a definite special work to the souls of men. He must be a man with a message, or else he had far better remain at home and engage in other work. During the three weeks when he was under constant fire he was only able once to arrange for Divine Service ; the opportunity of speaking to men either individually or in small groups had to be seized whenever it offered ; the message of love, comfort, pardon, which he had to deliver, must be given ; men all around were dying, suffering in mind as well as in body, lonely, separated from all those nearest and dearest, and, to such, nothing but the message of God's love and mercy can bring comfort and peace. The Sacrament of Holy Communion is administered just at whatever time it is possible, and often in the most unlikely places under very solemn circumstances ; but Christ is there in the midst in as great reality as if the service

were being conducted in the grandest Cathedral with all ecclesiastical surroundings, and those men who have so nobly gone forth ready to give their lives for King and country, as they partake of the symbols of His most precious Body and Blood, realize, perhaps more fully than ever before, something of the meaning of that one great sacrifice for sin accomplished on Calvary when the Son of God gave His life for the world.

Mr. Kennedy felt very thankful to be once more in the quiet of his home, but for days after his return he could not get the sound of the guns out of his head, nor the remembrance of the experiences through which he had so recently passed out of his mind.

One day he came across a young fellow, badly wounded, who, on being told he was going to be sent down to the base, said most pathetically, "And shall I really get away from this awful row?"

At the times when Mr. Kennedy was in greatest danger he found untold comfort and help in the words of Isaiah xxvi. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," a text which had always been a favourite with

him, but which from that time possessed a very special meaning.

After he was able to get about a little he delivered a most interesting lecture, entitled "Back from the Front," to a crowded audience at the Parish Hall; he was wheeled to and from the hall in a Bath chair, but was able to walk to the platform with the aid of a stick. He spoke of the awful devastation caused by the falling of bombs, saying he had seen a bomb drop through every floor of a house and then burst, blowing the whole erection into smithereens; and yet a lady at Kensington had told him she had put up some tarpaulin as a protection from bombs over her home!!

The lecture was repeated some few weeks later at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, for the object of raising funds to help the Belgians in Belgium, who were in great distress and dire need. He had seen so much of the sadness and suffering in that brave little country, and realized their utter helplessness to alleviate it themselves. The Winter Gardens was crowded with eager listeners, and as a result of the lecture a sum of over £90 was handed over to the Belgians-



in-Belgium Relief Committee. The following January he gave the lecture at the schools of St. James', Hatcham, where he was very enthusiastically received by his former parishioners and friends.

The people of St. John's were overjoyed at having their Vicar among them again and made quite the most of their privilege for the only too short time. He did much work at the Boscombe Military Hospital while he was home, meeting several men there of his own Brigade, or whom he had seen in France, but who had since been wounded.

During the winter of 1914 several thousand men were billeted in Boscombe. So that they should have a place to go to for recreation, Mr. Kennedy gave over to their use St. John's Parish Hall, which they frequented in large numbers. Games and literature were provided, while in the evenings impromptu concerts were arranged in which many of the men themselves enjoyed to take part. He used to be there every night, would often sing to the men, and always give them just a short straight talk and a few words of prayer at the close of the evening. It was not

compulsory for the men to remain for that, but they nearly all did so, it being unusual for many to leave unless they were obliged.

During February of 1915 he went to Epsom for a few days to conduct a Mission among the men of the Public School Corps then there in training. He had two good Parade Services on the Sunday morning, and found how wonderful an advantage it was that he had been at the front ; that fact seemed to command a certain respect for himself besides giving special weight to his words which, probably, little else would. In the evening of the same day he had a splendid service in church when much interest and attention was evident, as he spoke from S. John i. 12, " As many as received Him to them gave He the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in His Name."

One part of the duties of a padre is to write letters for wounded or dying men. Mr. Kennedy found this work made a great demand upon his time, but he felt quite repaid for his efforts on receiving so many grateful letters of thanks from the relatives

and friends of those to whom he had rendered this service. His correspondence was immense ; such numbers of anxious or distressed relatives would write to him, as being Chaplain, to know if he could relieve their fears as to the fate of their friends ; very many seemed to think that because he had officiated at the burial of Prince Maurice he might have performed the same sad rite over the body of their husband, son, or brother. Even long after he had left France, when he was home following his accident, such letters and requests for information were frequently received by him.

There is a splendid spirit of camaraderie among the men, they are so ready and willing to help one another ; while all classes, all creeds, all allied nationalities are to be seen fraternizing together. There is an orderly belonging to the A.S.C. who owns a kukri which he says he would not part with for £1000. A dying Gurkha, educated in a Mission Hall, to whom he ministered during his last night and for whom he prayed more fervently than ever before, gave it him, saying : “ Take this, I am going where I shall

not want it ; they don't fight where God is, and, now, hold my hand." The A.S.C. orderly cried himself to sleep, waking with the dead hand in his.

## XIX

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### *Military Experiences (continued)*

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IT was March 16th, 1915, when Mr. Kennedy returned to France. He used to feel leaving home very much, and wherever or whenever he was away for long he was always terribly homesick. Letter after letter expresses the great longing for home and dear ones left behind. On this second occasion of going to the Front he left Boscombe in the evening, which made it seem all the more dreary and desolate. From Southampton he crossed to Havre, where he was to receive instructions as to his destination ; this proved to be Boulogne which, being one of the most important bases, gave him an insight into quite a different part of the working and arrangements of an army in the field. He met some interesting men on the journey, one whom he specially liked, a Roman Catholic padre, returning after being home invalided.

He often spoke of khaki being such a wonderful unifier ; men in that uniform all look alike, as also the Chaplains ; there is no distinction as to sect or degree, and he noticed with much satisfaction and pleasure how all the *padrés* work amicably together side by side ; difference of creed is forgotten, all are working for the same end—to bring men to see and realize their need of a Saviour and to point them to Him who alone can forgive and save.

He found his ministrations were nearly always welcome ; men there are all in too deadly earnest to refuse comfort and help ; a man falls asleep, not knowing whether he may awake in this world. This spirit of readiness to receive spiritual help is well exemplified in the remark of a young Guards' officer, dying after being wounded, who said to a companion near him, " I am in perfect peace with God ; give my love to *Padré*."

His area of work at Boulogne included the men of the Army Service Corps, Army Ordnance, Royal Engineers, Mechanical Transport, Army Bakers, and the Border Regiment. Among these last he came across several of the young men who had been

billeted in Boscombe during the winter of 1914. When the Borderers went up to the Front, the Cheshires took their place in Boulogne, and among them he had a most encouraging Bible-class once a week, about fifty-seven men regularly attending. One man who derived much help and blessing from this weekly hour spent with God's Word said : " I feel as if some superhuman power had hold of my heart." Another expressed himself thus : " Once a week Major Kennedy calls at our barracks and gives us a sermon, and it's more like a talk with a superior educated pal than yourself, for he speaks in a way which interests me greatly, he hits the nail right on the head." He so loved the men to feel like that, that he was one with them and that they should be able to look up to him as a friend. Quite the saddest and hardest duty he ever had to perform was one morning, when he was called up at 3 a.m. to accompany a man, who by court-martial had been sentenced to be shot, on his last journey to the place of execution, where he had to witness the sentence carried out, then to officiate at the burial of the body. He went bravely to the awful task which, as Chaplain, he was obliged

to undertake, but he felt very sick and sad at heart as he went to try and bring a word of comfort to the unhappy condemned man. The strain was very great and he returned, after all was over, thoroughly upset and fearfully saddened.

Mr. Kennedy was a man who would never shirk duty, no matter how difficult or unpleasant it might be. "Duty" was to him a grand word; it called forth a man's very best, all that was strongest and truest in a man's nature; nothing could interfere with it, it must be done *then*, it must be done *thoroughly and faithfully*; it must be done "*to the glory of God.*" It has been said how, when he was in Boulogne, often and often he has been the one great influence for good over those in whose company he was. He would set such an example that others would feel ashamed of themselves to have needed it before they could be aroused. His days were full of work, from early morning to late at night, with only very little time to himself for his own private affairs; but that did not matter, he was not abroad for pleasure, nor his own personal comfort, he was there knowing it to be his "duty," and that being so he



could go on day by day in the strength of Isaiah xxvi. 3.

His work lay at long distances apart, which involved a great deal of walking ; often on Sundays he had four or five different services to hold in different places, which, sometimes, could not be reached except by motor-car. In one of his letters he writes : “ I have got a very heavy day on Sunday—

8 a.m. Funerals.

11. Service for Cheshires and Canadian A.S.C.

12. Service for Mechanical Transport and Ordnance.

2. Start for Neufchatel (20 miles away) for two big Parades.

6. Service for Army Bakers.

So I shall not have much leisure.”

On another Sunday evening he wrote : “ I have had services to-day at 8, 11, 5.30, and very good times at each.” In a letter written on a certain Monday he said : “ I had a most wonderful day yesterday, especially last night. Several men came up to me voluntarily after the parade, and I am sure great results are happening.” It was not only on Sundays that he had services and encouragement

in his work, but nearly every day there was help sought and testimony given. Open-air services were frequently conducted, after one of which he wrote home : " I had a glorious time at the Open-air yesterday (Tuesday) at 6.15 ; over 250 men came, quite of their own free will, and *how* they listened ! the attention was splendid. You should have seen them crowd up for Testaments. I felt ashamed of my lack of faith and thought of the Master's words, ' Wherefore didst thou doubt ? ' "

He was often at the Y.M.C.A. hut, where he got to know many men, entering into their games and interests always with a bright cheery word and smile. Whenever he went there he was always sure of a warm welcome and was never disappointed. One day he entered into conversation with one of the workers, a Cambridge man, and a missionary then home on furlough. Something about Bournemouth was mentioned, whereupon the worker said : " Do you know Mr. Kennedy, of Boscombe ? " He did !

He was always trying to arrange amusements for the men, in which he would take part with an activity surprising for his years.

Over there they would not believe he was 59, they declared he could not be more than 50. Once he had a grand tug-of-war competition for all the twenty-one huts in and around Boulogne ; the occasion was one of much enjoyment, the competitors evincing great keenness all the way through. Some time necessarily elapsed before the final heats could be pulled off, when the prizes were presented to the winners by the Base Commandant. Mr. Kennedy also gave the men a football which afforded them much pleasure.

At Henriville, just outside Boulogne, there was a large camp, accommodating some thousands of the A.S.C. He used frequently to be out there in connection with his work, and soon found what great need there was of a recreation hut. The men had no place where they could go for reading, writing, or games, neither was there any building suitable for conducting religious services. So, on one of his "short leaves" at home, he made his many friends acquainted with the want, also his great desire to put up a recreation hut for the use of the men encamped at Henriville. He thought about £400 would be required, so appealed for that sum. When he

returned to Boulogne five days later he had £272 to take back with him ; contributions continued to arrive so well that in a comparatively short space of time he had received all the money necessary for putting up and fitting up the building. It was found the expenses would be nearer £600 than £400, but it was all quickly and willingly given. He was very fond of quoting "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Although his days seemed already over full yet he very seldom missed going to Henriville to see about the recreation hut, in which he took enormous interest. The Camp Adjutant and the Commandant were both enthusiastic over the proposed scheme, and many meetings took place for discussing details with regard to plans, etc. The A.S.C. men were most delighted with the idea of having such a splendid addition to their Camp ; the building was commenced on June 24th, and they watched the progress of its erection with keen interest. There was to be a large hall for general recreation during the week, and for services or Bible-classes on Sundays ; there would be some smaller rooms too, also a refreshment bar, where non-intoxicating drinks



CHAPLAINS AT BOULOGNE, 1915



could be bought for a small sum, and a kitchen with necessary accommodation for cooking. The recreation hall was to be supplied with magazines, books, or papers, while various games would be there for those who wished to play. What name to give the hut when finished was a question to be settled, but Mr. Kennedy solved the difficulty in the very best way. He approached H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, asking if the hut might be named after herself in memory of her son, who had so recently given his life for his King and Country. She very graciously sent him a letter by her secretary, who said: "With regard to the hut you are erecting at Henriville Camp, the Princess is very pleased that it should be associated with her name, and that it should be designated 'The Princess Beatrice Hut.' I am to say that Her Royal Highness would have written to you herself, but that she is very busy just now." A little later on another letter says: "Her Royal Highness is so interested to hear that the hut which bears her name is now nearing completion. The Princess feels sure that an ever-ready welcome will be extended to all those who seek comfort and

rest from the terrible strain and fatigue of the work which they are so gloriously carrying out for the Empire, and Her Royal Highness' thoughts and prayers will be with you all when you are gathered together for the inauguration of this building." August 26th, 1915, the day of the opening of The Princess Beatrice Hut, was an all-important one at Henriville ; the actual ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Simms, C.M.G., K.H.C., Principal Chaplain to the Forces, in the presence of a large number of distinguished officers. Most eulogistic speeches were made, followed by a capital musical programme, the items being received with great applause. After the concert was concluded, one of the audience started singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," which was taken up by every voice most lustily. They knew they owed the possession of this so much needed building to their padre, and on that occasion they made no efforts to restrain their feelings of excitement and gratitude.

Mr. Kennedy conducted Divine Service in the hut on the following Sunday ; he said he had never seen a room so densely packed, the men were swarming wherever they could find



a lodgment, however precarious, while the attention they gave to his words was splendid. He felt so greatly cheered as well as deeply thankful.

He seemed almost to have regarded the erection of this hut as the crowning act of his year's military service. All his letters referred to it in its various stages of progression, and when it grew near completion he wrote : " When my hut is opened I shall feel I can sing my ' Nunc Dimittis.' " After it was finished he wrote : " It's a beautiful building and I'm most pleased."

The months at Boulogne were altogether very bright ones ; the work was most encouraging from all points, while he was also so happy in the companionship of his brother Chaplains, of whom there were five working under him. They were all staying at the same house, the Hotel Victoria, where they were very hospitably and liberally treated by Miss Dickenson, who spared no pains to make her guests thoroughly comfortable, and of whose kindness, especially on one occasion when he was not well, Mr. Kennedy has so often spoken. At that time none of these five Chaplains had been up to

the Front, but all except one went up afterwards, some of them corresponding with Mr. Kennedy up to the time of his death.

He was always ready to champion the cause of women, as the following extract from a paper relating some memories gathered during his service at the Boulogne base will show. "On one occasion he spoke scathingly of the German treatment of women. Drawing himself up to his full height, he lifted up his clenched fist, and said in ringing tones, 'I have put fourteen stone behind that fist more than once when I have seen a man ill-treating a woman, and I am ready to do it again.' " In a certain district in Boulogne he one day came across two drunken French soldiers trying to molest lady workers returning from one of the huts ; he very soon showed them that that would not be tolerated, and from this time he would never let the ladies go home alone at night if he could in any way arrange an escort for them.

The men in Boulogne were most interested in hearing of what their comrades had to go through at the Front, which their padré could so well describe ; they, for the most part, had been no nearer the fighting than they

were then, though they were "doing their bit" quite as much as their brothers in the fighting line; they might well be described as the fuel which fed the fire, for it was largely through their work that the great army in the field was supplied. In his book, "With the Immortal Seventh Division," Mr. Kennedy describes most interestingly the work which goes on at the Base to supply the men at the Front. He was greatly struck with the splendid arrangements, even to the smallest detail, also the precision and accuracy with which everything was executed.

Several times during his stay in Boulogne he gave the lecture on his experiences at the Front, which always commanded great attention and interest on the part of officers and men alike. It was often a way to secure the interest of men who would then probably attend some of the services, at which their presence was entirely voluntary. That these lectures did have that effect is proved by a quotation from one of his letters, wherein he says: "I was in the labour tent last night until past seven. I hear my lecture has made a great impression, and swarms of the men intend coming to my Meeting on Wednesday.

I am getting to love these lads, they are so splendid. It has been a beautiful day, and I am so happy in my work. I am giving a lecture in the Henriville Camp on Thursday at 6.30 with the O.C. in the chair ; it is very gratifying to find the officers so keen for their men." The auditorium was a delightful hollow at the top of the cliffs, which must have presented a very animated appearance. At the close of the lecture the chairman said, " You have been speaking for fifty-five minutes and it doesn't seem like twenty ! " That surely is proof of the interest aroused in the audience.

Mr. Kennedy's experience of the officers was that they were most courteous and friendly to a *padré*, but he always felt it such difficult work to speak to them about spiritual things. With the men it was different ; as an officer he commanded their respect and attention, which they were only too ready to show at any time, for he was a great favourite with them all, but there was a certain amount of unavoidable restraint in the company of brother officers which he found it very difficult to overcome. Nevertheless, he had several friends among them, and was able to

lead many a one to find happiness and peace of soul as well as of mind.

One day, while sitting in the Chaplain's room a knock came at the door. To his reply "Come in " a young officer entered. "What can I do for you?" said Mr. Kennedy. "Well, *padré*," he replied, "I want something but I don't know what it is." "Tell me all about it," Mr. Kennedy said. The young man then related that, with a brother officer, he had been standing in a certain place where shells were bursting all round them; finding themselves in such a dangerous spot they moved a little farther off, when in a few minutes a shell exploded just where they had been standing. This narrow escape made a great impression on the young officer, who realized that, had he and his friend not moved away, they must have been blown to pieces, then, what would that have meant in his own case? He determined to ask *padré*'s help at the first opportunity, hence his visit to Mr. Kennedy at Boulogne. The man said he had not been baptized nor confirmed, so supposed that was what he needed. Mr. Kennedy said to him, "My dear fellow, what you need is not baptism nor confirma-

tion, but *Christ*." He was able to help the young officer, who, realising his great need, opened his heart to his Saviour, afterwards being baptized by Mr. Kennedy, and presented by him to the Bishop for Confirmation. This rite of the Church was administered twice during Mr. Kennedy's term of service in Boulogne, and he had candidates to present on each occasion. In one of his letters, referring to this privilege, he says : " My heart is full of praise."

He had three or four most interesting journeys up to the Front during his last few months, of which extracts from his diary and letters will give the best and most accurate account. Before returning to Boulogne he had promised Princess Henry of Battenberg to try and visit the grave of her son, Prince Maurice, whom he buried near Ypres the previous October, but he was unable to carry out his intention, as the following will explain.

Mr. Kennedy had instructions on a certain day to report himself at G.H.Q. (General Head Quarters) with two other Chaplains. Business there being completed they went on towards Ypres. He says : " We halted about eight

miles out, then hearing no guns except shrapnel at aeroplanes we decided to go on into the city. We left the car just outside and wandered in. I have never seen such unspeakable ruin and desolation ; I hardly knew the place. I went into my old quarters, now all battered about, not a single house intact, and no inhabitants there, just a few Tommies who live in cellars. When we reached the centre of the town a bombardment commenced and shells began to fall heavily ; it was impossible to go on to the cemetery. A gunner officer said he advised our scooting, as nothing would tempt *him* to cross the Square, so we made tracks back in double quick time, and I was thankful to get out unhurt. Eighteen men were hit there that morning in the city."

Another trip, on business with other Chaplains, recalled many past experiences. That was also undertaken by motor-car, much of the old familiar ground being covered. He writes of this trip : " We started at 9.30 and went to St. Omer, then on to Cassel, where we had grand distant views from the hill-top—extending as far as Dunkirk on the north, to Armentières on the south-east, and embrac-

ing the whole of the British war zone—then to within three miles of Ypres, but we could not go further owing to fire, so turned aside to a place quite near to Dickebusch (where I had that last terrible night before I was sent down home on November 1st last year). Here we went circumspectly, as we were within quite measurable distance of the German lines, then on to Socre, the highest hill in the neighbourhood, with a most glorious view—Ypres at our feet, the whole of the entrenched country, which I know so well, stretched out in an absorbing panorama—Zandwoorde, where I had that bad time on October 22nd ; the road over Hill 60, the route of a very trying ride ; Gheluvelt and its Chateau ; Hooge, where I was bowled over ; in the distance Menin and Courtrai ; nearer at hand the whole line of trenches. It was all just flooded with interest ; we sat with our field-glasses glued to our eyes.” Several other towns and villages were visited en route ; part of the return journey being taken at a pace which must have well exceeded the speed-limit (if such a thing exists in those parts), for Mr. Kennedy says : “ We came home at a tremendous pace, at times touching sixty miles



per hour, and got in about 8.45 p.m. I was much struck with the splendid appearance of the men up at the Front—bronzed, and in the pink of condition, they looked fit to go anywhere and do anything (as they are). I couldn't help thinking what a privilege I enjoyed yesterday ; how many would give anything to have had it ! ”

Another journey up to the lines was made on June 18th. Having received a large case of gifts and comforts for the men from parishioners and friends at Boscombe, he went well furnished with ammunition in the form of “smokes.” In the reserve trenches some hundreds of men were living in dug-outs and low tents. As Mr. Kennedy asked them if they would like cigarettes, they immediately swarmed round the car like bees round a honey-pot. One of the sergeants, recognizing him, said : “ Sir, I heard you lecture in Boulogne, can't you give us a talk here ? ” The diary reports : “ Rather ! and in the twinkling of an eye four or five hundred men were round me sitting and standing on the slope of the low hill. They listened splendidly as I spoke on Galatians ii. 20, ‘ The Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me.’ ”

It being the centenary of the battle of Waterloo we sung the National Anthem and gave three cheers for the King. It was a most unique service." At Wimereux, in July, Mr. Kennedy conducted a Quiet Day for Chaplains, when he gave four addresses. He left Boulogne at 7.30 in the morning for the first service, consisting of Holy Communion and address at 8 o'clock. Other services were held at 10 o'clock, 11.45 a.m., and 3 p.m. All the Chaplains had breakfast and luncheon together, one reading during the time of meals as there was supposed to be no talking. He writes of this day: "I addressed all the Chaplains of the 1st Army at Bethune, a great privilege. The Huns were very kind, not a single shell the whole time we were there, but during the night eighty casualties in the town alone. Then at Merville I had the Chaplains of the Lahore and Meerut Divisions—grand fellows. How little you all at home realize the fine work all these *padrés* are doing. Pray for them."

Mr. Kennedy was immensely looking forward to the time when the war should be over. He had a great desire to revisit all the places which he knew so well, intending to take his

wife with him and explain to her so much of the wonderful happenings that he had not been able to write in diary or letters. But God had other work for him to do, so he was not permitted to enjoy this anticipated pleasure. When he was abroad, he was many times asked if he would sign on for another term of service, but he refused, feeling it his duty then to return to his own parish, where he could, and did, do splendid work among the wounded soldiers, of whom there were some hundreds in Boscombe. During his absence, the Vicar had left his senior Curate, the Rev. John Hayes, in charge of the parish ; they were in constant communication, so he knew exactly what was taking place all the time. Mr. Hayes carried on the work most satisfactorily ; and although Mr. Kennedy knew he could leave with every confidence in his colleagues, yet he felt it would be too much for them to do it all, so arranged for a third worker to help them most of the time, himself paying for his services ; so that on his return he found everything had been kept going well, and was ready for him to pick up the threads again. The welfare of the Tommies was so much laid on his heart that he intended to

devote all the time he could spare on weekdays to arousing the people to a sense of the great importance of being prepared with definite plans upon which to work when the men should return after the war. He was much looking forward to this special work during the autumn after his term of service was expired.

Having been so much behind the scenes, so to speak, Mr. Kennedy realized how great a work lay before the Church in the near future. Here were thousands and thousands of men who knew nothing, and cared less, about God or His Word ; they had never heard the message of His love, they had never entered a place of worship, except perhaps on their wedding-day ; they had been, as it were, out of the Church's reach : now was the Church's opportunity to influence and lead them. A large number of these men have been touched by what they have heard and seen while out at the Front ; they have received new and deep impressions, face to face with death and eternity, they have felt their need of something more than the world has to offer, and with a sincere desire to lead a better life they return, wounded and serious in

thought, to England looking for help and teaching, being open to the best influences as never before. What do they find ? In only too many towns the spiritual side of the soldier is little provided for ; everywhere people are ready to entertain him with theatricals, concerts, sports, games, and any amusement they can think of, and for which Tommy is grateful, but when he looks expectantly, craving for that which shall help him to overcome temptation and live straight, he finds himself alone, so that, gradually, he goes back to his old ways, his old companions, and thinks there is nothing in religion after all. Mr. Kennedy felt very strongly that when these men come home they should find people ready and prepared to help them on further along the straight path which they desire to follow. Therefore, it was with this end in view that he approached the Archbishop, explaining the case clearly, and asking his sympathy and co-operation. He also received permission from his Diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, to give up a good portion of his time during the week in lecturing over the country to try and convince people of the great spiritual needs of the men returning from the front.

The Archbishop most kindly replied to Mr. Kennedy, saying : " I shall be quite ready to write you a letter saying how glad I am that your ample experience at the Front should be utilized at home in the way you have suggested, and how well qualified I deem you to be for this particular task ; and I would in it call attention to Bishop Gwynne's letter." This letter, to which the Archbishop refers, very strongly encouraged Mr. Kennedy in prosecuting his campaign ; Bishop Gwynne writes : " The task of the Church at home is to prepare at once for the return of the men who have gone through deep spiritual experiences while serving their country in war. If you are able, with the help of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Chaplain-General, to arouse the interest of the people of England on this subject, you will be doing a work of the first importance. I am sure you will find many to co-operate with you and you have my own heartiest good wishes."

This was a work which Mr. Kennedy had intended strongly to emphasize in his book, which, however, his early, sudden death prevented his completing ; he had anticipated great success to his mission, much looking

forward to securing real, good helpful times for wounded and returned soldiers.

Much as he enjoyed his work abroad yet he longed for home, and wrote : “ How strange it will be to be home again with no coming out again to look forward to. I love my work here, but, oh, *I love my home better* ; however, the thing is to be first where God would have one. I shall never regret my experience here, and feel thankful to God for having been allowed to ‘ do my bit ’—I have met some rare good fellows, and we are going to try and fit in a reunion after the war. What yarns there will be ! ”

It was the evening of Tuesday, August 31st, when Mr. Kennedy reached his home, having bid farewell to his many friends and his much-loved work in France. There was still a fortnight longer of his term of service uncompleted, for which time he received orders from the War Office to go to Woolwich. The days spent there were full of interest, and he wrote cheery letters telling of the busy hours. There was much hospital visiting to be done, where, in one of the wards, he saw an officer of the Prussian Guards. The man spoke very good English, and Mr. Kennedy found him

most intelligent and interesting. He said to Mr. Kennedy, "You're a very tall man, sir." "Yes," said he, "God made me tall ; but you are also a tall man, apparently." The officer was in bed. "Yes, sir," replied the man, "I am 6 ft. 3 in. and the shortest man in my regiment !"

Mr. Kennedy had two splendid services on Sunday ; the parade in the morning was quite a novel experience for him. He wrote : "The parade service was A 1. Such a beautiful church, and of course crammed with men and officers with their women folk. Afterwards, the parade took place in front of the Mess, when the whole of the troops marched past the General, the band playing all the time—thousands of spectators. Then the musicians marched up and down playing the 'Church Bells,' a custom they have carried out for many years ; they then gave a selection of music."

On Saturday, September 18th, Mr. Kennedy completed his year as Chaplain to the Forces, and returned to Boscombe.



## XX

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### *Closing Weeks*

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VERY thankful to be home again and feeling well after his strenuous military duties, Mr. Kennedy threw himself with great energy into the multifarious work of his parish.

He was exceedingly <sup>d</sup>fond of Boscombe, where he had numerous friends, and he greatly loved his work at St. John's. During the years of his Vicariate he had often been approached by trustees and those who had livings in their gift to accept another sphere of work, but he never would entertain any thought of it. He used to say, "I do not mean to leave Boscombe so long as God gives me health and strength for all the work here ; but when I am unable to keep things up to the level of high-water mark then I shall feel it my duty to resign and go where there is less to do."

On the 29th of September he went to preach the Harvest Festival sermon at Mr. Wicksteed's Church at Tunbridge Wells. He only stayed at the Vicarage one night, but had such a happy time with his daughter and grandchildren ; little did any of them think that would be their last meeting in this life ! How mercifully our loving Heavenly Father hides the future from us :

“ I know not what may befall me,  
God tenderly shades my eyes.”

The following week was arranged for the Harvest Services at St. John's, when Mr. Kennedy welcomed his nephew, the Rev. Gordon Arrowsmith, who had also worked at the Front, to preach the sermon. The next occasion of Mr. Gordon Arrowsmith's visit to the church was at the funeral of his beloved uncle, when he read the lesson at the service.

On the Sunday morning after the Harvest Festival Mr. Kennedy delivered a sermon which was especially memorable. He had chosen as his subject “ Ignorance ” (Ephesians iv. 18), but during the singing of the Benedictus—“ To give light to

them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace"—some voice seemed to tell him that that was to be the text from which he must preach that morning. He saw many soldiers in the church, and felt that probably God had a special word for some of them, or for some saddened hearts among his congregation ; so, doubting not, but that it was a direct message from God, he preached from that verse a very earnest sermon which brought hope and comfort to many of those privileged to hear it.

Several years ago he had had the electrophone installed at St. John's, by means of which wonderful instrument the voice of the speaker could be heard miles away. He often referred to his "unseen congregation," and once, after having made a special appeal for financial help towards some worthy object, a contribution was sent to him by one who had heard his request only through the electrophone. This was an invalid gentleman, then living at Branksome, quite a stranger to the Vicar, with whom he first became acquainted when he called to tender grateful thanks for the gift of money. After that Mr. Kennedy

visited him several times, being able to give him much help.

The installation of the electrophone has proved a great boon to many invalids and others unable to attend the church. Mr. Kennedy took keen interest in having the instrument connected, going up to London on two occasions purposely to find out all particulars from a friend who had it already installed, there being, at that time, no electrophone in use in any of the Bournemouth churches.

On October 17th he had arranged sermons on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A deputation (the Rev. J. Stuart Rimmer) came from London for the purpose of preaching on the Sunday and addressing the annual meeting the following day. He was staying for the week-end at the Vicarage, when Mr. Kennedy told him he should so much like to preach the sermons himself in church ; at the same time asking Mr. Rimmer to conduct service in the Parish Hall. Those sermons, morning and evening, with the one at the Men's Monthly Service in the afternoon, proved to be the last time his people were permitted to hear his voice and see their

beloved Vicar. How he loved God's Word ! How eloquently he spoke of the inspired Book and what it means to the trusting faithful soul of the believer ! In his sermon in the evening he referred so beautifully to death, saying he had no fear of it, "it is just going from one room to another ; death is but the gate of life." On looking back it is very sweet to remember that as one of his last messages to his people ; had he known how soon he was to enter that gate, surely he would have liked to tell us what he felt about it. So he did tell us, only without knowing how soon he would be called to pass through it.

After the Men's Service in the afternoon he went to the Military Hospital, where he had a most cheering service with the soldiers. It was the first to be held in the room which he had taken great interest in getting fitted up as a kind of little chapel. He had previously made known to his congregation the great need there was for a harmonium, among other things, in connection with it, and the next day a lady offered him a really good one, to be used there as long as the soldiers were in the Hospital, afterwards for him to put it to whatever use he chose. He was

most grateful to accept the gift on those conditions, and this particular Sunday was the first day it was brought into use. It was not compulsory for the men to attend service, but Mr. Kennedy, in the course of his weekly visitation, had got to know them and asked if they would come ; the result was a large gathering, great attention being shown, and the padre much encouraged.

The next morning he left home for Birkenhead, where he was to address three meetings in connection with work among the soldiers—that subject which lay so near his heart. Before starting he wrote a letter, to be printed and circulated, inviting Christian people to the Annual Convention to be held the following month in the Parish Hall. As it is really his very last word to his flock it may be of interest to insert it verbatim.

“ DEAR FRIENDS,

In inviting you once more to gather around God's Holy Word at our Annual Convention, we are deeply conscious of the solemn obligation which has fallen upon the Church of Christ in connection with the terrible war

now in process. On every hand God's people are asking 'What can I do?' Many of our best men have gone forth to the Front, realizing that the Allies are engaged in a Holy War—but many of us must remain at home. To us is specially committed the solemn duty of prayer :

1. Prayer for a just and lasting peace.
2. Prayer for our men, that they may be consciously upheld by God.
3. Prayer that even out of this awful strife may proceed peace in the hearts of combatants, through the Blood of Christ.
4. Prayer that the Church of Christ may awake to the realization of the opportunities and privileges accorded in dealing with men who are being awakened to a sense of the eternal verities.
5. Prayer that our nation may be aroused to the claims of God upon men's hearts and lives.
6. Prayer that the Holy Ghost may be in our midst, convincing of sin and righteousness.

It is in the spirit of prayer that we invite your attendance at this solemn time in the history of our beloved land. Once more we call you together in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Yours in His Service,

E. J. KENNEDY,

J. HAYES,

N. H. COX."

There was a very special solemnity about this Convention which was held, as arranged, but without the bodily presence of the one who had called us together.

Very shortly after that letter was written Mr. Kennedy started off by train to Birkenhead, where, at the Church House, he gave his first address, the Bishop of Liverpool presiding, on Tuesday afternoon, October 19th, the subject of the address being "The Soldier in Hospital and the Soldier in Convalescence." A letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury had been received commending the work, which was that of stimulating interest in the spiritual needs of the men at the Front, and urging that the good influences fostered there should be continued when the



wounded are brought to hospitals in this country. In the course of his address Mr. Kennedy said soldiers had not become Christianized, but they had become what he might call religionized, which meant that when a man passed under fire a very remarkable psychological effect took place ; he realized his nearness to eternity. He referred to the universal desire of people at home to give the lads a good time, saying : “ they cannot have a good enough time ; but don’t let us stop at that. It should not be merely a question of cigarettes or concerts, or joy rides, or charming female society ; surely we have something better to give them than that ! The Church has an opportunity such as it never had before, and will never have again, of laying hold of the manhood that, somehow or other, has slipped from its grasp in the past, but has now come under its care and influence again.” The meeting, to which all important Heads of Nursing Establishments, Hospital Officials, and Clergy were invited, was largely attended. That same evening he addressed a crowded audience on the subject of “ The Life of the Soldier in France and in Flanders.” The occasion was the opening of the 1915-16 Session

of the Birkenhead Y.M.C.A., which, according to a report in the "Birkenhead News," "will rank as amongst the most successful, certainly the most interesting, of the gatherings of the kind that have been held." To quote further from this same paper, "Major Kennedy's address was one of the most thrillingly interesting ever heard in Birkenhead." The Chairman reminded the people that when that hall, in which they were, was first opened, Mr. E. J. Kennedy, as he then was, came to speak to the young men, who in their turn had done good work as a direct result of that gathering and the message given. That day they welcomed Major the Rev. E. J. Kennedy, as he now was, who had been serving with the Forces at the Front. Mr. Kennedy's address was listened to with most keenly-riveted attention ; he spoke of the grand work being done by the Y.M.C.A. and the tremendous help it is giving in providing for the needs of the men, not only facilities for writing, reading, and general recreation, but also in giving the valued message of God's Word. A reception at the Town Hall the following afternoon, when he spoke again on the work of the Y.M.C.A., concluded the meetings for which

he went to Birkenhead. He was staying at the house of a friend, who in a letter the following week wrote these interesting particulars of the last night to Mrs. Kennedy.

Until the Wednesday evening Mr. Kennedy had been so bright ; he was brimming over with fun, full of life, not showing the very least sign that anything was the matter until the next morning.

Speaking of the doings of Wednesday the writer says : “ As I offered him the paper in the evening he said that he had seen all the news he wanted, and would go to bed soon, as he was very sleepy ; and he went about 10 o’clock, after having some hot milk. On Thursday morning he came down late for breakfast, saying he was feeling ‘ chippy ’—he sat down at the table and toyed with some tea and dry toast, but in a few seconds he rose and left the room, ostensibly to pack. We did not chat to him at table, knowing he was not feeling well. We thought Mr. Kennedy had taken a chill, and hearing he was subject to feeling chilly, we sent Nurse up to him with some brandy ; he told her he was feeling very sick ; he took the brandy, but did not com-

plain of pain anywhere. Shortly afterwards we sent him up some freshly-made tea ; when the housemaid took it in she found him lying on the bed covered with an eiderdown, but he said he would sit up and take it. She says that as he rose from the bed he seemed to reel slightly, as if he were dizzy. We had, of course, pressed Mr. Kennedy to stay on here, but he said he had had similar attacks and preferred to travel home. I accompanied him to the station, seeing him into the train, and he spoke to the guard, who was the same that had travelled down with him on Monday. I also spoke to the guard, telling him Mr. Kennedy was not well, and asking him to look after him. Just before leaving the carriage where I was sitting with him, I said, 'I wonder under what circumstances you and I will meet again' ; he replied, 'Perhaps I shall get sniped.' (This was in reference to a desire he had frequently expressed that he might return for a visit later on, if the war should continue, to work again among the troops in France.) After a beautiful, friendly good-bye clasp of the hand the train moved out of the station."

At Bournemouth West, about 5 o'clock, he took a taxi to his home, still feeling ill ; so after a few moment's conversation with his wife he went upstairs to bed, under the impression he was suffering from a chill. The doctor was sent for the next morning, but it was not until Saturday evening that any grave symptoms could be discovered. Then further medical and nursing aid was summoned, four doctors meeting in consultation on Sunday, when the beloved patient became worse, rapidly losing consciousness. Injection for cerebro-spinal meningitis was resorted to but proved ineffective, and on the following morning (October 25th) this faithful servant of God passed gently into the Presence of his Master.

Never a murmur of complaint passed his lips, no matter what his suffering ; he spoke only seldom, but was so lovingly appreciative of every little attention.

One of his nurses, in writing after his death, said : " It is a privilege for a nurse to be present at the death-bed of a really good man." His death came as an awful shock to the family and congregation alike ; no one

knew he was seriously ill, and the announcement of the fact made by Mr. Hayes from the pulpit on Sunday morning was the first intimation the congregation had of anything of an unusual nature being the matter with him. It was a startling surprise, which caused great consternation and sorrow to the people, who were quite stunned by the news, at the same time not realizing the end was so near.

The life of Edmund John Kennedy was a splendid example of the great wonders God can and will accomplish through human instrumentality when the whole life is unreservedly consecrated to His Service, and consciously filled with the Holy Spirit. He just longed that others should know and share the joy that was his, and which is to be found only in Christ Jesus.

What wonderful, blessed reunions there will be in that Glory Land when we shall again meet those we have loved here on earth—then to part no more—when, with them, we shall see our Saviour in all His wondrous beauty, and partake of that life

“ more abundant ” which He came on earth to give.

“ Oh ! call it not death—it is Life begun !  
For the waters are pass'd, the Home is won ;  
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore,  
Where they weep and suffer and sin no more !

He is safe in His Father's Home above,  
In the place prepar'd by his Saviour's love ;  
To depart from a world of sin and strife  
And to be with Jesus—yes—this is Life ! ”

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*Funeral and Memorial Services*

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THE Funeral Service was held on Thursday afternoon, October 28th, at St. John's Church, the internment taking place at the Boscombe Cemetery. The ceremony was of a full military character, most imposing as well as impressive. Admission to the church was by ticket ; the chancel had been lavishly decorated with many of the numerous floral tributes, while others were tastefully arranged on the window-sills all round the church.

Long before the time fixed for the service there was not a single vacant seat in the large building, and painful silence reigned during the time of waiting until the service should commence, only relieved by the solemn voluntaries played by Mr. Arthur T. George, the organist.

Gradually the sound of muffled drums was



heard approaching the church, and one soon distinguished the inspiring music of the Dead March in "Saul" played by the military band as it drew nearer and nearer. The body was met at the west door by the church choir and a large number of clergy, among whom were The Right Rev. Bishop of Southampton, the Rev. Canon Daldy, Rural Dean (both of whom took part in the service), the Rev. Gordon Arrowsmith (who read the proper Lesson), the Rev. J. F. A. Wicksteed, the late Vicar's son-in-law (who read the Service at the graveside), the Rev. John Hayes, Curate-in-Charge (who read the grand opening sentences), and the Rev. N. H. Cox, also Curate of the church. At the close of the service Mr. George played the Dead March, and the huge congregation then slowly, sadly, and quietly dispersed.

The procession to the cemetery was then formed by mounted police, behind whom followed in order the escort and firing-party, the band of the 3-7th Hants Regiment, the church choir and the robed clergy, the coffin, draped with a Union Jack, resting on a gun-carriage drawn by six horses, accompanied by six officers who acted as pall-bearers, other

officers and N.C.O.'s being also present. Then followed the chief mourners, the Mayor and Corporation, a body of some 200 men representing the 7th Hants Regiment, and a number of wounded soldiers from the Boscombe Military Hospital. Besides these, all the public bodies of the town were represented as well as the London Y.M.C.A., Exeter Hall. The Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, with his churchwarden, travelled from London in order to be present at the funeral, while a Memorial Service was held at that church for their late beloved Vicar.

The whole route was densely lined with spectators ; all the shops were closed, blinds were closely drawn at the houses in the roads through which the cortège passed, and on every side were evidences of mourning and respect. Even the road-sweepers, with whom Mr. Kennedy used occasionally to exchange a friendly word, followed the whole way to the cemetery.

At the close of the service at the graveside the Bishop of Southampton pronounced the blessing, immediately after which two volleys were fired by the firing-party, each followed by a phrase of the Last Post. After a third

volley the whole of the Last Post was sounded. Anyone who has not been present on such an occasion can never realize the great impressiveness of the Last Post being sounded over a grave ; it seems to fill one with thoughts which cannot be described ; it is so grand, but so solemn ! As soon as the last notes died away those standing around the open grave sang the hymn, " Thy way, not mine, O Lord " ; it was a hymn which had been sung on the day of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy's wedding, and some years previous to his death he made a written request that it should be sung at his graveside. It was a comforting, beautiful close to an altogether memorable occasion.

The following Sunday morning and evening Memorial Services were held in St. John's Church, which was well filled on both occasions. The preacher in the morning was the Rev. Canon Daldy, M.A., R.D., and in the evening the Rev. John Hayes, B.A., L.TH. ; Canon Daldy took his text from 1 Samuel ix. 6, " Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is a man that is held in honour." He prefaced his sermon by saying : " I have come at the call of God, and the in-

vation of your clergy, and I feel that God is saying to me what I am to speak to you on this very sad and solemn occasion. Perhaps most of you know that your late Vicar was associated with me, not merely in a formal manner, as Rural Dean. It is true that he was Honorary Secretary to the Chapter and Conference of the Deanery, and that we met very frequently, and were closely associated together on matters touching the business of the Church. I have felt for some time that one of the difficulties in Bournemouth and in other places, has been a general idea that congregations and Churches differing widely in religious views cannot associate freely with another, and that the difference of their views in some way separates friendship. Mr. Kennedy and I had talked over this evil, and set our faces against it. It is true that we differed as brothers, but there was never for a moment any thought of separation between us, and we talked together, and prayed together, that we might be guided aright in dealing with the greatest needs of the Church at the present moment. We took sweet counsel together and walked in the House of God as friends. Now I have ventured to take

this text, as it seemed to me to describe in simple yet powerful language the sort of position your late Vicar held in this place. Mr. Kennedy was above all things essentially a man of God. I like that phrase 'A man of God'; it seems to entirely express what we all feel about him. He was a man of great simplicity. There was no mystery about him; there was no complication about his character. Mr. Kennedy was one of those who was a man through and through, and his whole character would remind one of the words of the Blessed Master when He said, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' He had but a single eye in everything he had to carry out, and this was the whole point of his simplicity of character; and all this means strength. I wish to God we had more men like him in our Church. His whole heart was the heart of a man who belonged solely to God; and one could not be anywhere with him without feeling that one was in the presence of a truly converted man. When we were talking some two weeks ago, he said words to me which expressed exactly what so weighed upon his heart. We were speaking about the work of the Church in the

time of war, and he said in the following words, so far as I can remember them, 'The Church has lost her hold upon the manhood of England, and through the war we must regain that hold.' Let us go forward following in his steps and take up the task he has been called to lay down—the bringing back to Christ and His Church the manhood of England."

The evening sermon was preached by the Rev. John Hayes, who took as his text, St. John xiii. 7, "What I do thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter." Philip-pians i. 23, "To depart and be with Christ, for it is very far better." 1 Corinthians xiii. 13, "But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three." In the course of his sermon the preacher said : "How mysterious are God's dealings with men ! How puzzled we are at the strange happenings which come into our lives ! Have we not experienced a little of this during these past few days, that he, our Vicar, our friend, should have been taken so suddenly, so unexpectedly, just when he seemed so full of plans for work, so full of hope for God's Kingdom in the hearts of men, so full of vigour and usefulness, so

charged with high ideals and passion for souls. 'Why, O Lord, Why?' was our cry; and as we listened for the answer we seemed to hear nothing but the empty echo of our cry. And, in our helplessness we turned back upon God and we slowly began to remember that of Him we had been taught, 'He makes no mistakes.' 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' When the sense of conflict was lost in the peace of that God-given calm we could begin to think of him, and of what this call meant to him. 'To depart and be with Christ, which is very far better.' Think not, speak not of him as dead. He is not dead. He is living unto God. He is with his Saviour, his King. 'He was a great and a good man,' said the late Mayor of Bournemouth to me on Friday morning last. 'Great and good.' There are many good, who are not great; and there are some who are great and not good. What was it that made him both great and good? . . .

"He was a man who, in the nature of things, must have exercised a profound influence for good or evil on his generation. To him there was no midway path. He was a great and good man. Great by nature, what

made him good ? He was good by Divine grace. If I were asked to explain the secret of his marvellous influence, the motive power of his life, I should say it was the Trinity of Christian graces in his life, faith, hope, love. Think how strongly each burned in his life. Faith ! How simple, unyielding, was his faith. ‘ I know Whom I have believed.’ ‘ He loved me and gave Himself for me.’ Here is the secret of his faith. Closely linked with faith is hope. So in him. He was a happy, joyous man, because he was a man full of hope. It was the hope which maketh all things and which is not ashamed. He never preached without the hope that some might be strengthened, helped, find God. But behind these, his faith, his hope, there was a deep, deep love. He loved God. ‘ I love Him because He first loved me.’ All who were acquainted with him did not know him ; but all who knew him found in him a brother-man who loved. He had a passion for souls. He knew no greater joy than that of leading souls to Christ.

“ May faith, hope, and love burn as brightly in our lives as they did in his, that when we meet him in the coming days, when our



Lord shall call us also to the higher, the greater life, we may not be ashamed, but may be able to show fruit of his life and ministry among us.”

. . . . .

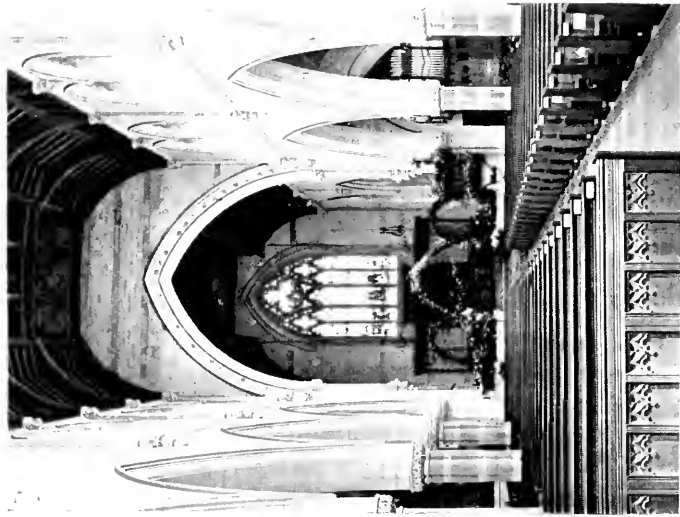
Some few weeks later Mrs. Kennedy was the recipient of a silver-plated cross composed of five of the cartridges which a member of the congregation picked up from the ground after the volleys had been fired. The cross, which reposed in a satin-lined case, was accompanied by a most kind letter, from which the following is an extract : “ The cross is made from the spent cartridges fired over the grave of him whom we all had learned to love so truly. As the rifles clicked *one, two, three* on that day one could almost hear again his voice saying those three words he loved to give us, ‘ Beneath the Cross.’ As these cartridges were shot heavenward and fell to earth spent, but not before their work was done, so he had turned us and our thoughts and then fell—*spent.*”

Two spacious huts have been put up in the Bournemouth area by the Y.M.C.A., who invited subscriptions for them to be

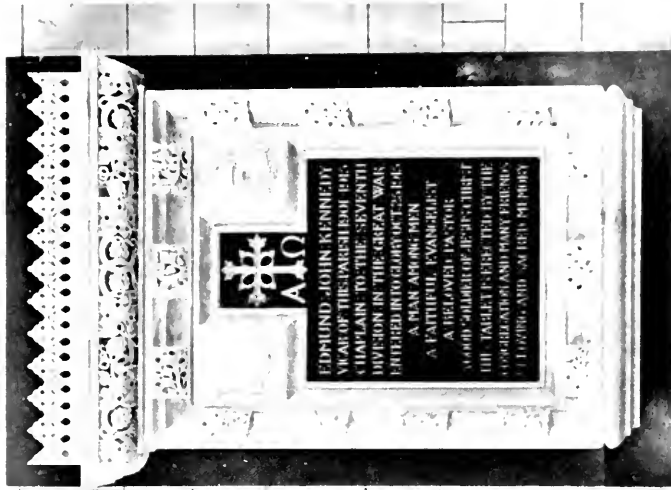
erected in memory of the late E. J. Kennedy. The funds required were quickly contributed, and the buildings have been much used and appreciated by the soldiers in the town.

In addition to the Memorial window referred to in an earlier chapter, there is also a very handsome, beautifully-carved tablet, affixed to the wall on the north side at the entrance to the chancel of the church, to the memory of the late beloved Vicar, and, at the cemetery, a large marble cross mounted on three steps with moulding around the grave has been erected in ever-loving memory by his wife, relatives, and friends. The tablet and window were dedicated at the morning service on Sunday after the first anniversary of his death, the service being conducted by the present Vicar, the Rev. Canon Barnes - Lawrence, who also preached a sympathetic sermon bearing on the occasion.

The tablet is executed in white English alabaster, the inscription slab being in black marble with the letters incised and gilded. A border of genuine Rosso Antico marble



INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BOSCOMBE



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BOSCOMBE



surrounds the whole. The inscription slab bears the following wording :—

EDMUND JOHN KENNEDY,

VICAR OF THIS PARISH. 1901-15.

Chaplain of the 7th Division in the Great War.

Entered into Glory, October 25th, 1915.

A Man among Men—a Faithful Evangelist—

A Beloved Pastor.

“ A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.”

This Tablet is erected by the  
Congregation and Many Friends in  
Loving and Sacred Memory.

The subject of the Memorial window forms part of a series arranged for the whole of the windows in St. John's Church by Mr. Kennedy himself. It is “ Christ before Pilate,” and is executed in beautiful colourings. The inscription at the base reads : “ In loving memory of Edmund John Kennedy, for fifteen years Vicar of St. John's, who died October 25th, 1915. This window is given by the congregation.”

. . . . .  
At the end of his will Mr. Kennedy wrote

this solemn declaration : “ I die in the faith of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, humbly trusting my soul to the merits of His infinite sacrifice for sin.”

May the memory of the wonderful life of this true and faithful servant of God spur each one of us on to greater activity in His service, and to a determination, by His help, to live out our lives more fully to His honour and glory.

O Lord, we bless Thy Holy Name for this Thy servant, departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow his good example, that, with him, we may be made partakers of Thy heavenly Kingdom.

## XXII

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### *Conclusion—Extracts from Letters*

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AS soon as the sad tidings of Mr. Kennedy's death became known Mrs. Kennedy received well over a thousand letters of sympathy, all expressing deep appreciation of his kindness and friendship, and, so very many, testifying to the great help they had received through his ministrations. Regret at his passing was universal, and the letters were from people of all classes, all ages, and from other countries as well as Great Britain. The following are only a small selection, but will give a slight idea of the general love, esteem, and respect in which he was held.

The Bishop of London writes : " I should not like to be left out of the many voices who express their love and admiration for your late dear husband. I saw him last at Boulogne. The news of his death was a great shock to me. You will be upheld, I know, by the sympathy and love of all his people, and his

hundreds of friends, and by the bright Christian hope which he had himself and which I know you shared with him."

The Bishop of Winchester : " I am so glad to have had that evening with him at Canon Daldy's. We were real friends, and I think understood and trusted one another. I shall remember you truly in my prayers. May God Himself be your strength."

The Bishop of Southampton : " I was greatly stunned by the telegram which Canon Daldy sent me announcing your dear husband's death. He seemed to be in full health at the Diocesan Conference, and he showed no signs whatever of physical failing. We all feel that his death is a great blow. He leaves a gap in the Diocese which cannot be filled."

The Bishop of Southwark : " It is indeed a great loss ; he seemed to be the very man marked out to come and help us in the difficult matter of treating patients in our hospitals in the right way and spirit."

The Bishop of Chelmsford : " The news came as a *great* shock to me, but *he was ready*. What a life he has lived. How *manly, straight*, and *good* ; an example and an inspiration to



us all. But he is not dead. He will live in our hearts and memories, and he is transplanted to a region of growth and of service."

Bishop Ingham : " I can only say I am bowed down, with all who knew and valued him, in a great sorrow. I saw and spoke with him on the occasion of his great words at the Diocesan Conference, Winchester."

The Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith : " The Home call of your husband came as a great shock to me, for it is only the other day when we talked together and looked forward to special work in the future. He has received quick promotion."

The Rev. A. S. V. Blunt, British Embassy, Paris : " It came as a great shock to all his friends, among whom I was proud to reckon myself. He was a real inspiration to me. I loved and admired his splendid Christian character and his absolute straightness. His influence was wonderful. He led many to Christ, and great will be his reward."

The Rev. Harrington C. Lees : " We at Christ Church and I in particular have lost a very special friend. I think I am right in saying that his very first visit here, just before my time, made an entirely different outlook

for the congregation and very much aided my own beginning here.”

The Rev. Dr. Simms, Principal Chaplain, writing from General Head Quarters, France, says : “ I shall never forget the services he rendered to our brave men over here. It is hard to realize that he is gone from us. I think we dare not grudge the summons of such a faithful servant of our Master to higher ministeries beyond our ken.”

The Rev. Canon F. B. Macnutt, C.F. : “ The Chaplains at our meeting this morning desired me to say how deeply they deplore his loss. In preaching to the Cheshires (who were very fond of him) yesterday morning, I spoke at length of his work and influence, and at the close of my address the whole battalion removed their caps in token of respect and sympathy. In the Princess Beatrice Hut at night I conducted a Memorial Service to his memory. At the close of my address the officers and men rose in their places and stood in silence while I promised to send to you this message of respect, sorrow, and sympathy.”

The Rev. C. E. Matthews, C.F. : “ How truly ‘ in the midst of life we are in death.’

But of him we can say, no man ever served his fellow-men more than dear Kennedy. Although his views and mine were probably widely divergent, I just loved him as a brother, for his zeal, devotion, and earnestness ever impressed me, and whatever school of thought one may belong to, out here we are all one, and can unite most cordially, and *we* did."

The following is an extract from a letter written by a N.C.O. at Henriville Camp : "I have just returned from the Princess Beatrice Hut, where the portrait hangs of a man, a dear and kind friend, one who was admired, and will be ever regarded as such by me, the portrait of your late husband, Major E. J. Kennedy. If ever there was a good and sincere friend to 'Tommy' it was he."

From an officer at the Officers' Mess, Aldershot : "I well remember him addressing my company on one occasion, when he kept us all spellbound, making everyone proud of being Englishmen, and doubly proud of the nation's manhood. In censoring my company's letters home afterwards, I realized that his words had created a great impression on the minds of the men under my command."

Extracts from a few other letters :—

“ I shall always think of him as a splendid type of fearless, manly Christianity, and also as a true friend with a big heart.”

“ I shall never forget the glory on your husband’s face and his triumphant voice as he stepped forward on the platform at our Sheffield Convention three years ago, and began his address with the words : ‘ “ I know that my Redeemer liveth.” *I know it.*’ I think he must have had such a glorious welcome last Monday when he went to be ‘ with Christ.’ ”

“ Like numberless others, I owe so much to him ; his message many many years ago at Bridlington has never left me yet.”

“ How good of God to order it so, that the consummation of his life’s work should have been helping the troops in finding the Saviour.”

“ Wherever he lectured (this letter refers to France) of course there was a large and most attentive audience. When I told my brother of your letter (announcing Mr. Kennedy’s death) he at once said, ‘ Oh, that must be the man I remember my sergeant fearfully keen on, and saying, “ You should have known Parson Kennedy, sir, ah, *he* was the

man.”’ I remember once the Commandant of Henriville Camp saying to me, ‘ You know when I first knew Kennedy I really thought he was too good to be true—so handsome and tall, delightful speaker, charming manners, man of the world, wonderful personality ; but the more I see of him the more I realize he is one of the finest and most sincere men I’ve ever met, and his influence with the men is magnetic.’ I remember the farewell Sunday evening in the hut that he preached a most wonderful sermon on Faith.”

One who was formerly in his employ, writing from France, says : “ It was not what Mr. Kennedy said, but it has been watching his life that has so spoken to me. Never did a man live more for others than the ‘ Master.’ ”

The selection may suitably close with this testimony of one with whom Mr. Kennedy was intimately acquainted : “ Eternity alone will reveal all that God has done through him to young and old. I cannot tell what his influence has been to me and mine—a lifelong inspiration—and whatever memorial may be erected over his grave it may be truly said that he has left a better monument in the hearts of those who knew him.”

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